

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 6, 1982

\$1.25

A DOOMSDAY DECISION



America's MX missile:
Deterrent or
provocation?

The unsettling
Canadian connections



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It whispers.



CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Maclean's

DECEMBER 6, 1992 VOL. 51 NO. 49

COVER

A doomsday decision

President Ronald Reagan's proposal last week to lease 100,000 acres in a small swath of Wyoming real estate was the flash point for a worldwide controversy. As debate raged in the United States, Moscow charged a breach of faith. But Canadians could only ponder the new horror MX would add to any missile exchange over their territory. —Page 32

COVER PHOTO BY GUY ALLEN



The troubled dream

The Canadian Oil and Gas Lands Administration (COGLA) is officially promoting development in the North—whether earthquakes want it or not. —Page 18



A sharp warning for Begin

The Israeli inquiry into the Beirut massacre told the unshuffled government of Menachem Begin that its findings could put him and his ministers in jeopardy. —Page 43



A winning combination

Despite the old movie maxim—never work with children or animals—Marjia Lightstone is happily doing both on the set of *The Wild Pony* in Alberta. —Page 20

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A passage to India's past

In his film debut San Knapley shows charismatic power as he transforms a 3½-hour epic about Mahatma Gandhi into a towering achievement. —Page 67

The good and evil

I feel compelled to write to you in response to the naive, and therefore dangerous, comments by many diarists about Leonid Brezhnev and his so-called peaceful policies (From the post to the Kremlin, Cover, Nov. 22). There are still prisoners in the concentration camps and prisons of the Soviet Union today, and the conditions are just as brutal as they were in the days of Stalin. To our prime minister and others, this is peace? Alexander Solzhenitsyn has written that the period from 1945 to 1975 could be seen as another world war that was lost by the West without a battle and in which some two dozen nations were abandoned to communism. Is this the peace that Pierre Trudeau offered? As a warning to all who are eager to lead Brezhnev and his successors, I quote the Bible: "Not to those who call evil good, and good evil." —JOHN CHARR, Winnipeg

If your photograph of Red Square in the Nov. 22 issue is to be believed, more than just the political leadership has changed in Moscow. The Kremles has jumped across the square from right to left and now occupies the spot where the GUM department store used to stand. Amazing! Does this signal a 180-degree shift in policy? —ANGUS TAYLOR, Victoria

The CFL: an unnecessary option

Your comments on the Canadian Football League's 1982 season do not belong in a publication that purports to be Canada's weekly newsmagazine. (A CFL



Leonid Brezhnev: what peace?

Season That Might Have Been, Sports, Nov. 15). The evaluation of a CFL season by its reception in a foreign nation is ludicrous. Who cares what Americans think of our game? —ROBERT DAY, Norwalk, Ont.

Microcomputers in high school

This is to complain about the lack of research in *The Report Kees for Computer Literacy* (Computers) in the Nov. 1 issue of your magazine. New Brunswick is a province proud to be among the leaders in the introduction of microcomputers both to teachers and students, not a province "lured" in government studies. New Brunswick was one of the first to complete a major study on the use of microcomputers in the classroom. At the present time the department of education has two teams of microcomputer experts delivering a microcomputer orientation program to teachers at all levels which has the potential to reach every teacher in the province. We are also able to say that there will be microcomputers in every high school in the province before the end of 1982. —ARNOLD MACPHERSON, Coquitlam, British Columbia, New Brunswick Department of Education, Fredericton

Ignoring a Canadian hero

I am most disappointed with the CBC for giving so much coverage to the death of John Roberts and so little to the death of Hans Selye. After all, Roberts was only a politician and Selye is truly a Canadian hero. Thank you, *Maclean's*, for the coverage you have given him. (The *Toronto Star* of Nov. 11, although you are also guilty of giving Roberts full-page color coverage and Selye only one column. —HELENE ARNDT WICKMAN, Vernon, B.C.

PASSAGES

RECAPITULATING Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, 82, at her London residence, after undergoing minor surgery to remove a fish bone from her throat. The Queen Mother was taken to the King Edward VI Hospital for Officers for emergency treatment where efforts by a doctor who was a dinner guest failed to dislodge the obstruction.

REED Barrie S. Turkas, 63, prosecutor of Murder Inc., the gangster assassination cartel active in Brooklyn in the 1930s and 1940s, at his New York City law office. Known in organized crime circles as Mr. Arsene, Turkas sent seven members of Murder Inc. to the electric chair, most notably Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, and got his first major break when Abe Reles, one of Murder Inc.'s bosses, agreed to co-operate.

DEED Accomplished Hungarian pianist Edits Piaresky, 80, widow of Bela Barokk, in Budapest, of a cerebral hemorrhage. A student of Bartok's before their marriage in 1923, Piaresky performed with him in concert after their move to New York City in 1940. She returned to Hungary after her husband's death in 1946 and spent much of the remaining years in poverty.

APPOINTED Barbara Aniel, 41, to the editorship of the *Toronto Sun*, by publisher Douglas Creighton, effective Jan. 1, 1983. Aniel, a well-known columnist and author, has been associate editor of the paper since November 1981. She replaces Peter Worthington, 58, who recently lost his first bid for a seat in Parliament. Aniel will continue to write for *Maclean's*.

DEFEATER Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey's Fianna Fail party, in the country's third general election in 18 months. Haughey, 57, whose party previously held a majority of seats, will likely be replaced by a coalition of the Labour Party (which won 26 seats) and Fine Gael (26) in the 166-seat parliament. Labour Leader Dick Spring said he would not make a final decision on coalition until just before the new parliament meets on Dec. 14.

DEED George Murray, 68, one of Canada's superstars in the early days of television, of cancer, in a Comox, B.C., hospital. The Winnipeg-born actor began his career on CBC Radio in 1939. By the late 1950s, Murray had his own radio show on CFMT in Toronto and was well known as a leading singer on the club and concert circuit. He was a frequent guest on the Saturday night *Juste Show*, which ran for 15 years (until 1966) after *Weekend Night in Canada*.

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Remember when she said she didn't really need a dishwasher?

But you got her one anyway. And a couple of weeks later, she put her arms around your neck and told you she didn't know how she ever lived without one.

Well, if you promise not to say "I told you so", we'll tell you why she'll find the new Dual Wave Microwave System just as important.

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Photo by Ken Karp for the Canadian Press. Photo of the ZWILLING J.A. Henckels logo by Ken Karp for the Canadian Press.



Exonerating fluorescent lighting

This is in response to the Oct. 18 Technology article, *Fluorescing in the Twilight*. Do you not require that your writers do a little research on the subjects of their articles? There is no scientific evidence that proves that fluorescent lighting causes "eyestrain and fatigue." The Australian study did not show any causal relationship between fluorescent lighting and melanoma. Since most of the disease reported occurred on the trunk of those afflicted rather than on the parts of the body that normally would be exposed to fluorescent lighting in an office, it seems more likely that the melanoma resulted from the well-known Australia penchant for sun-bathing. Having been on the jury that voted to award the prize for the "Tight pipe," I can say that this product, while being ingenious and having some merits for specific applications, is not going to replace fluorescent or any other kind of office lighting or any scale in our lifetime.

—CROOK KATLYNE
Toronto

A good deed nixed in red tape

Regarding your Nov. 8 *Medicine* article, *The First Organ at the Bank*: I had a clause in my will stating that I would give my entire body to science so that either university students could use it for study or any one of my organs could be used to help others. Well, here in Quebec there is so much red tape that what was intended to be a good deed would have turned out to be a terrible scandal for my survivor. The corpse is accepted under no main conditions that I have decided to forget about being a Good Samaritan.

—S. GIBNER
Montreal

A slant on farmers

After reading the Justice article, *A Sobering Punch at Drunk Drivers*, in your Oct. 25 issue, I was very offended to read the words "rattened by a drunken farmland." Why were the occupations of the victims of the Winchell and the Grubbe children not mentioned? We farmers have enough to contend with without being slanted like this.

—DANIELA'S PRESENTS
Langford, Alta.

Give independents a chance

The Applebaum-Robert committee has hit the nail right on the head. The dismantling of all CBC television production facilities apart from news would be a first class operation in logic and efficiency. (As *Office of Production*, Canada, Nov. 15) While CBC news production is second to none anywhere on the

globe, its attempt at other forms of media service is, at best, pitiful. The blatant, ostentatious fervor, in which Canadians must be presented at all costs, can only restrict the potential quality that could exist in Canadian television if the independent producers were given a real opportunity to demonstrate the true skills of media production.

—KERRIE K. REED
St. John's

Out of context

I want to correct any misinterpretation of my comments in *Good Neighbor Kickbacks* (Consumerism, Nov. 31) which were made in the context of this marketing strategy only. The Consumers' Association of Canada (CAC) volunteers worked successfully to fight Green Stamps, questioned the consumer benefits in the issuance of product coupons, and continue to offer consumer warnings about impulse buying when loss leaders are offered in stores. The CAC is concerned about consumer protection and an improved marketplace. Viable marketing strategies offering consumers choice are not our targets.

—RUTH LEE AUSTIN
Director,
Association Policy and Activities,
Consumers' Association of Canada,
Ottawa

How snakes shed

I could not help but notice that, in the Nov. 8 issue, the cartoon accompanying Allan Fotheringham's column (*Slaves*, Pierre, Will *Slaves* was incorrect. No Grade 7 readers taught us that when a snake sheds its skin, the end is attached to the tail, thus pulling the snake's skin inside out—which it is not showing in this picture.

—LIGAN K. R. K.
Vancouver

God of the electronic media

It was refreshing to read the Nov. 1 *Portrait* by Alden Nowlan (*The Gospel According to God*), expiating the Gods of the electronic media for what it is—a tribal deity. One wonders whether the deity preached about by many of our late 20th-century evangelists bears any resemblance to the Christ who would willingly eat with the outcasts of society. How different is the tribal deity from the One who would be more at ease with the victims of poverty, war and prejudice than with many parish churches.

—RON HARRY R. HAYTER
Barrie, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 490 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7.

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The deadly politics of opium

By Daniel Bernstein

Thailand's up-country villages are among the most remote and lonely in the world, but not Ban Hin Taek, a rugged hill town nestled in a spur of Thai territory clinging toward the Burmese border eight kilometers away. Earlier this year, when the smoke cleared after three days of intense fighting between 800 Thai border patrol police and the rebel troops of opium warlord Khun Sa, the police moved in to capture luxurious villas and a sports complex replete with swimming pool and tennis court. Homes were furnished with color TVs and video players, kitchens were stocked with imported European foods and American whiskey. Sophisticated electronic communications gear fanned in Ban Hin Taek could, in theory, reach over a 300-km radius, but still more impressive was the staggering cache of modern light arms, from rocket launchers to



Chinese transporting opium. Khun Sa (below) is a catalyst for civil war

from rocket launchers to mortars. Police estimated the amounting heists that revealed monthly expenditures averaging \$1 million to finance the extravagant lifestyle of the unusual village.

Unfortunately for Thai police, 17 of whom were killed and 50 injured in the attack, Ban Hin Taek's most celebrated resident, Khun Sa, was not at home. He had already slipped back across the mountain frontier into the fierce reaches of Burma's Shan state, where his 3,000-member Shan United Army (SUA) often wields more effective control than the Burmese government. Khun Sa is a legend in this part of the world, where the politics of opium prevail. Some 78 per cent of the opium extracted from the "Golden Triangle" (the peppy fields where Laos, Burma and Thailand converge) travels through the jungled mountains in caravans consigned to him. Half Shan and half Chinese, Khun Sa, at 54, personally controls close to one-third

of the world's heroin supply.

No matter how primitive the life of opium-growing hill tribes in the Triangle's mist-shrouded altitudes may be, Khun Sa knows how to get a product to market—by force and male dominance. He dips to border referees that dot the Thai-Burmese border, then to

into a tiny, potent pocket of heroin worth a thousand times more on the streets of Vancouver and New York City.

Khun Sa is many things to many people. To drug enforcement authorities in the region and around the world, he is an incorruptible and evil incarnate. To old Chinese generals of the Kuomintang who fled to Thailand after China's 1949 revolution, he is an old-fashioned patriot who has taken over their luxurious opium monopoly. To several armed factions of Shan fighting for the independence of their state from what they see as a repressive Socialist government in the Burmese capital of Rangoon, he is an opportunist who has misappropriated the name of the Shan cause for what is nothing more than an opium army. But, to many local people in Ban Hin Taek and in villages throughout the Triangle, Khun Sa is the warlord in the feudal Shan tradition—the man on whom the economic and political well-being of his subjects

Chiang Mai, Bangkok, Penang and Hong Kong, where it is brokered by an ancient Chinese mercantile mafia, and finally shipped to North America and Europe via a maze of couriers ranging from efficient young jockeys to dons of organized crime.

Chiang Mai, the first major stop on the route, has the outward appearance of a frontier city. Once the capital of an ancient Thai kingdom and currently the summer home of the Thai royal family, Chiang Mai has spawned 75 Buddhist wats (temples), whose golden pinnacles sparkle in the morning sunlight like a true Shangri-La. But, while well-to-do monks come and go and wealthy tourists arrive in droves, the back streets and cheap hotels of this, Thailand's second-largest city, are witness to another scene. It is here that the first cuts and the first price negotiations take place—where the small block of opium, bought by Khun Sa's men for \$300 from Shanese farmers, is turned



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Supérieur.

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depends. He is seen by some—the beneficiaries of his plunder, not the victim—as a sort of Robin Hood who has defied authority and triumphed. Triumphed until recently, that is. Last year the Thai government sent a force of 500,000 soldiers to oust him from his base—500,000 baht (about \$28,000) and decided to go to war against his operations on Thai soil.

For years Khan Sa had moved back and forth across the Thai-Burmese border with impunity. Burma was his crop land, but Thailand was his marketing outlet, not only for opium but for jade and other commodities in which he dabbled. He visited a house that he owned in Bangkok periodically and travelled throughout Southeast Asia, from Bangkok's Udon Nang airport. No one knew for certain why Thai authorities did not act more forcefully to stop him once. Some say that Khan Sa had used his vast wealth to buy high-ranking politicians' support, others argue that Thailand's strategic interests were served by allowing Khan Sa's aid to opium and serve as a security wedge, preventing Thai communists from linking up with the Burmese Communist Party.

But late last year the government of Prime Minister Prem Thinsadorn decided to get tough with Khan Sa and drove him from his Thai bases. Speculators in diplomatic circles was that the Thai action was designed to please the U.S. government, long critical of Thai inaction on the drug problem. Indeed, the first attack on Khan Sa's Thai base was designed to coincide with Prem's visit to Washington in October, 1981. But that attack failed when Khan Sa's own soldiers ambushed the Thai rangers and left at least one of them in a pool of blood.

Thai officials vehemently deny that U.S. pressure or advice had anything to do with their decision to go after Khan Sa or with the January assault on Ban Hin Teak that ultimately wrested control of the village from the opium. While U.S. drug enforcement officials often speak disparagingly of Thai anti-narcotics efforts, in Bangkok it is the other way around. Thai authorities believe that the United States and other Western countries are not doing enough to help Thailand solve the problem. "Other countries should not point the finger at us," says Maj.-Gen. Pao Sarasin of the Thai Narcotics Control Board and the country's chief spokesman on narcotic matters. "It is a world problem. Thailand is primarily a transit country. Most opium exported is actually produced in Burma and consumed in the West. It is very easy to say Thailand should do this or do that, but we don't have the planes, the helicopters or the money to do as much as the West would like us to do. The United States gave us seven helicopters, but

that was 10 years ago, and now they are getting very old."

In North America, where heroin addiction is spreading at an alarming rate and failing increasingly only violent crime statistics, it is easy to accept the view that the least solution is to destroy the opium supply at its source. But life in the Golden Triangle is far too complicated to allow such a simplistic approach. To begin with, the far-reaching terms in a major ethnic divide. Particularly in Burma, but even in Thailand, there are no roads into the hills where opium is grown. Even with helicopters, the thick foliage renders aerial attacks ineffectual, and the Shan army, as well as other factions, possesses anti-aircraft equipment. To destroy the opium armies from their strongholds would require the kind of concentrated force with air support that the Thai used at Ban Hin Teak, and even that was only accomplished with heavy casualties. The Burmese government develops an estimated one-third of its total budget of \$1 billion to the military but has not been able to master the kind of force necessary to regain control of Shan.

Moreover, Thai and Burmese authorities are virtual foreigners in these mountains, where popular allegiances are to tribes and clans, not national identities. Raising private armies to enforce local interests is the norm rather than the exception. Machete-wielding alliances, suppliers and strategists go on in the mountain unknown, except through rumor, to the central governments in Bangkok and Kampone.

Thailand itself has more than half a dozen major hill tribes, most of whom have fled from Burma in the recent past. The Hmong, Akha, Lahu, Lisu, Karen and the Miao, though not all grow opium, using it for medicinal purposes, as an intoxicant and for a small amount of commercial trade in their mountain villages. One can always find a big house among the people of these hills, which is invariably belong to the local opium merchant. Each season he brokers the locally grown product with the more sophisticated network of Kowloon-based Chinese narcotics traders.

In Burma the situation is far more complex and more violent. At least four armies in Shan claim to be fighting for the independence of their state, yet all are at odds with each other as

well. Liberation fronts also exist among the Karen, the Kachin and the Wa, also subdivided into antagonistic factions. The most potent force of all in the area is probably the Burmese Communist, with an estimated 100,000 to 150,000 guerrilla followers and, until recently, with considerable material backing from Peking.

For most of these groups opium is synonymous with power. Even those such as the MCP, whose political platform opposes the opium-based economy of the region, are compelled to use it as a means to an end. In a recent interview published in Hong Kong, Sao Hui Lane, the leader of the Shan army known as

Khan Sa's captured hardware: a threatened Robin Hood



the Shan State Army, perhaps the most idealistic of the Shan groups, succinctly summarized the situation by saying: "Potentially, the Shan state is one of the richest areas in the region. We do not need opium, we need peace and stability to develop. But, under the present circumstances, there is no choice. If our people do not grow opium, they would starve."

Over and over again, Thai authorities have tried to make the same point in Western drug enforcement agencies: the opium cannot be eradicated without creating chaos and revolution among a population whose economy is founded on opium. Thai policy strategists "zero in on this" program, whereby hill tribes are taught how to grow coffee, tobacco, potatoes, corn, beans and other cash crops in addition to opium. They seek to build up gradually an infrastructure of health, education and non-opium-based health claims that can transform the indigenous culture in which opium is now central. But crop substitution is slow, painstaking work. "We have to be fair with the hill tribes," says Sarasin. Sarasin's director of just Thai government-United Nations crop-substitution program outside of Chiang Mai. "They have been earning their money for generations with this crop. If we look violent steps to eradicate opium, it is like taking away the water under a cold glass."

An hour up into the mountains from Chiang Mai is a Hmong village called Ban Baek Chua, where crop substitution has made considerable headway. Even so, the police had to be called in last year to prevent villagers from using crop substitution funds and supplies to grow opium. Notes Pongthai Surrya, a program officer. "We may send the police in to stop the opium so villages that are already satisfied with other crops, not in areas where the people still depend on opium."

Every year involved in crop substitution assumes that progress is slow and that there will be big problems ahead next year when the United Nations pulls out after the final year of a seven-year plan to aid the program. They also know that, even if successful, villagers provide a major benefit, the crop-substitution idea cannot even be tried in areas where the opium armies are strong. To do so would be to place at jeopardy the lives

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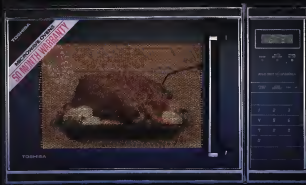
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and experts, however.

For the highlanders in the Triangle, the future is not particularly bright. The attack on Khan Sa is widely seen as a potentially dangerous and destabilizing event because now Khan Sa must reverse his alliances, establish new relationships and carve out new smuggling routes. In the meanwhile, must seize the opportunity to try to take a share of the trade from him. This past summer offered a glimpse of what might come in the next round of opium wars in battles fought on the slopes of Doi Inng, a mountain range straddling Thailand's Chiang Mai province and Burma. Khan Sa's army reportedly engaged the Burmese Wa National Army to force the fight for control of Doi Inng and its heroin refineries. The Lahu National Liberation Front and the Shan United Revolutionary Army also joined in the fighting, as did a detachment of Chinese, who only withdrew after a Thai war official flew in to meet with them on top of Doi Inng. In October the Thai army launched its own offensive. About 1,900 army troops, backed by artillery and warplanes, seized one of Khan Sa's outposts about nine kilometres from Ban Hta Taek and destroyed a heroin refinery.

Meanwhile, with Khan Sa temporarily forced to maintain his headquarters in Burma, there are reports that he is seeking greater flexibility by making an agreement with the Burmese Communists under which he would provide them with rice in return for access to opium in the large belts of territory under their control. The Burmese government, fearing the combined dangers of a Khan Sa-Communist alliance, has responded by reinforcing Lo Heng-hua, the opium warlord who fought ruthless battles a decade ago with Khan Sa for control of the traffic. Rumor in the Triangle is that, in return for agreeing to form a militia, Lo Heng-hua has been given a free hand to smuggle jade out of Burma. Whether or not Kungpoon will allow him to return to opium smuggling is the hope of further weakening Khan Sa's position, but, if that happens, observers say that the Triangle would be plunged into a cataclysmic civil war.

The hopelessness of the situation is captured by Phaiet Phaitoke, an entrepreneur who is a veteran of the jade and ivory smuggling routes out of Burma. Says Phaitoke, as he gestures toward the mountains that run out of Chiang Mai toward Burma: "Up there the world is not like it is down here. There is no government and no law. There is only opium, guns and guns. Khan Sa is the master of the game. He is shrewder than most presidents and prime ministers and he has more power than many of them, too." ☐



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FOLLOW-UP

Waging war on ugliness

In 1971 the Phyllis Cormack, a 25-m-hulled boat, set out from Vancouver, destined for Archetia Island in the Bering Sea. Its inexperienced 33-pass crew of environmentalists was to put itself against the might of the U.S. government, which had scheduled a program of underground nuclear testing on the island. Hampered by rough seas, the U.S. Coast Guard and the rapid efforts of its own "hulders," the Phyllis Cormack did not present the explosion of the first bomb. But further blunting was stopped as a result of the worldwide publicity generated by that protest—the first-ever Greenpeace voyage.

Eleven years later the signature of Greenpeace is still reminiscent of that Amish incident. Last summer, 430 battered rifles off the northern coast of Spain, four rubber dinghies left their mother ship and stationed themselves alongside a Dutch tanker that was in the process of dumping 3,000 tonnes of radioactive waste into the Atlantic Ocean. The very presence of the Greenpeace dinghies achieved the desired result—the tanker halted its mission.

Whether they are painting baby seals green to prevent their slaughter off the coast of Newfoundland, climbing towhees in Ontario to protest and warn or throwing themselves between hunters and caribou in British Columbia, both the causes and the methods of environmentalist organizations have become implanted in the consciousness of Canadians. Members of the Canadian-founded Greenpeace movement have been arrested in action from British Columbia to Newfoundland, from Japan to Spain. However, the multinational organization, whose one million supporters

found Greenpeace with \$4 million in donations annually (Canada's 25,000 supporters contribute about \$456,000 a year), bears little resemblance to the small group of "beatniks, apostles and hippies" who coined the name Greenpeace aboard the Phyllis Cormack in 1971. Notes David

McTaggart, 36, the republican Canadian who is chairman of the International Council of Greenpeace in England. "We have come of age."

The maturing was not always easy. Greenpeace initially joined the ranks of the endangered species it defends when, in 1978, Greenpeace in Canada (unofficially) took Greenpeace San Francisco to court. The Canadian organization, \$135,000 in debt at the time, was demanding that the financially shaky San Francisco office send money north. There were also philosophical differences, such as whether Israel should be allowed

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to heat tests and whether all nuclear programs should be stopped. But the differences served to give the organization a firmer footing, and Greenpeace International's name date being in 1979. "We are much more efficient and organized now," says Patrick Moore, 35, one of the founders of the original Greenpeace. "It has taken us a decade to learn about structure and administration—a hard thing for people who originally considered themselves to be antiestablishment."

The results are visible. European governments and the United Nations regularly seek the environmentalist group's expertise on such matters as industrial pollution and chemical dumping. In Germany, where the ecologically minded Green Party holds the balance of power in parliament, Greenpeace maintains a huge following. In 1978 a weekly magazine in Holland voted McTaggart Man of the Year. Says Moore of his organization's present respectability: "Before, a lot of people considered us amateurs and fanatics. Now, we are taken much more seriously." Still, in some areas, Greenpeace's fringe image dies hard, and its efforts are still viewed with skepticism by some—including John Roberts, Canada's minister of the environment. "The confrontational attitude adopted by Greenpeace is not as necessary as it was five or 10 years ago," says Roberts. "In Canada both the public and private industry have become much more sensitive to the environment. It is no longer just the environmentalists who are concerned about acid rain."

Greenpeace would be first to agree. And now, with waste, the international arms buildup, the fate of the world's rain forests and nuclear power have become what Moore terms "international megatrends." As Greenpeace members witness the fruition of their "profit-free" efforts—the ban by the European Parliament last spring on the importing of Canadian sealskins and the moratorium on whaling agreed upon by the International Whaling Committee in July—the organization is increasingly focusing attention on these larger anti-death issues, says Moore. "But we can't do much about them because of our shoestring budget," he adds.

Action by Greenpeace can be anything from stall-setting above the nearby Niagara River in Ontario to organizing mass demonstrations in protest of industrial pollution along West Germany's Rhine Valley. Explains John Watts, 30, of the Greenpeace Toronto office: "We organize like a commando team. We do logistical and political research. We know where our targets are and what we are hitting." The spirit of the Phyllis Cormack is not far away. —SHERA MCKAY in Toronto.

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Q&A: DONALD WOODS

The explosive course of deceptive apartheid laws

In a controversial move earlier this month the International Monetary Fund approved a \$1.1-billion loan to South Africa. The loan had been strongly opposed by Third World nations that object to South Africa's apartheid policies. But the weight of a country's size within the IMF is determined by its economic strength, and many of the more economically powerful Western nations, including Canada and the United States, supported the loan. Such a form of international approval helps buoy the regime of Prime Minister P. W. Botha, according to Donald Woods, a former South African newspaper editor. Woods, 47, who now lives in London, England, was subject to a "banishment" order by the South African government five years ago. It forbade him to write anything, including a diary, and made him a constant target of police surveillance. He was recently in Ghana trying to persuade the Canadian government to take a more critical stand against South Africa. Woods's former editor Linda McQuay spoke with him here.



Woods: psychological impact of rejection is enormous

Woods: Just how important is this IMF loan to South Africa?

Woods: For the past three years South Africa has been borrowing money it doesn't need—international borrowing in order to create a situation by which creditors in the West would feel they had a stake in its stability, so they would feel that the bank should not be rocked too much if they want to get their interest. Now, ironically, South Africa needs it. Within, and the IMF loan was approved because, whatever other South Africa has, it is a good cash-paying customer. *Woods's* is the loan really crucial to South Africa?

Woods: Not at all. In fact, all sorts of boycotts are not going to bring the re-

gime down because South Africa's economy is very strong. It is a wealthy country. But the power of boycotts lies in the psychological impact. South Africa is a country where the impact of rejection is enormous. It desperately wants to be acceptable and, when sports teams boycott it or companies divest themselves

of their South African interests, it has an enormous psychological impact. Remember, there are 30 million blacks to five million whites, and when the blacks read that a loan has been turned down, it lifts their morale. It also makes the whites feel that what they are doing to the blacks is severely disapproved of, and as one really black being severely disapproved of.

Woods's of course is the past few years the South African government has been trying to convince the world that it is interested in liberal reform. Is there any truth to that?

Woods: On the surface, the South Afri-

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can government has liberalised some of its policies. It is now allowing blacks into the top restaurants, hotels, some of the beaches (not all of them) and sports stadiums. But this is a superficial concession because, in fact, fewer than one per cent of the blacks can afford to go to these places. The greater reality lies in the fact that the reparative laws have been intensified over the past four years while these so-called reforms have been taking place. A number of acts have been introduced. There are 111 apartheid laws. The racial law, known as the Apartheid Policy, prevents black Jews from owning a house. This, first of all, withholds the vote from every single black and determines where blacks may live, what work they may do, whom they may marry and their education. Every aspect of life is governed by the apartheid law. Now, in allowing concessions to a very small minority for the sake of appearing to be more reasonable to the world, they are tightening the screws further on the black people. For example, they have been moving more people under their "removal scheme," which is a euphemism for forced reintegration from the white-owned cities to the black "homelands." They have now moved four white people, which, I think, is the largest number of people moved forcibly since the Hitler era.

Maclean's: How do they achieve that movement? Is it by evicting them?

Wood: Yes. It is done under police supervision. They move into a village like Crossroads, which is a squatters' settlement outside Cape Town where "illegal" blacks lived—blacks who had come to seek work in the white city, got work, and supported their families along to live with them (their families are not supposed to live with them). The government comes around with police and with guns and says, "The women and children must go back to the homelands." Now, the word "back" is deceptive because some of these women and children have never seen the homeland. There are instances in which black families have lived in the Johannesburg area for two or three generations and then a law decrees that they are actually citizens of KwaZulu or the Transvaal, which they have never seen. They are put on a train and sent 500 miles away where there is no industry, no work, no money, no food. Sometimes all they have is some water. I have seen some of these resettlement camps, and they are pathetic. So, in the midst of all the so-called reform, the government is tightening the laws. In the past four years they have stripped citizenship rights from more than one million blacks on the pretence that these rights may be exercised within the homeland. Therefore, the future is that South



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Africa must eventually have as black critics as it all.

Maclean's: The government recently announced that it is considering altering the pass laws. What difference would that change make?

Woods: This was one of the government's most inept inquiries. The government told the world press that it was referring the pass laws but what it was actually doing was tightening them up. The government was saying that, from now on, fewer blacks would need passes, but this was simply because it stopped up the number of deportations to the homelands. It is a government that is notorious for its use of euphemisms to cloak really dreadful acts. For instance, the law that suggested communists was called the Communism of University Education Act.

Maclean's: Have the proposed changes in the pass laws set you back?

Woods: These things are always shivered. You might remember that, four years ago, just after Peter Botha became prime minister, he said, "I am considering re-naming the Apartheid Act." This act is the law that governs sex or marriage between people of different races. Following his announcement, the newspapers of the free world all had headlines such as, BOTHA SPEAKS OF DEFEATING HIS LAW. The government picked up lots of mileage on the so-called new initiative. Right months later Botha addressed his (National) party congress and said that he has considered re-naming this but has decided not to. That didn't get him the first statement.

Maclean's: Yet the Western press is generally critical of South Africa.

Woods: Yes. The Western press is well served by its correspondents in South Africa. But what is not realized is that the news that comes out of South Africa is controlled, in a way, by the fact that there are large areas of South Africa where journalists aren't allowed to go. The government also concentrates on disorienting lobbying. Foreign legislators will be taken out to restaurants and they will be told, "Well, you know, we have to separate domestic apartheid, but we need the patience of our friends."

We need the support and we need the investment—where, in reality, the government has no intention of signifi-

cantly referring apartheid. What it is doing is maintaining the country in preparation for the final showdown.

Maclean's: A showdown with the blacks?

Woods: Yes. In the past two years the country has become incredibly militarized. The laws have been changed with emphasis on military authority. Military men have been put into positions of great influence in a number of government bodies and commissions, and the white males have been told they are asked to military call-up up to the age of 45. Conscription has been reinstated. So has the military training. Weapons have been multiplied. The tragedy is



Botha maintaining the country for a final showdown

that the blacks also are arming, and it is very hard to imagine a conflict being avoided.

Maclean's: How well armed are the blacks?

Woods: This is not known and it is something the South African government does its best to suppress from the media because it wants to project an image of white power, of military power. It doesn't want the television screens of the West to be filled with pictures of blacks training with good weapons, and, of course, the black guerrilla movements, for security reasons, don't want this either. So, what you are getting is an exaggerated impression of white power.

Maclean's: There have been instances of sabotage reported in the Western press.

Woods: There have been many. But I guess that only about 10 per cent of the

incidents have been reported in the South African press and consequently in the press overseas. Acts of sabotage are taking place in most of the cities and in some of the rural areas. For example, in the city I came from, the coastal city of East London, during two months in 1988 there were 36 acts of sabotage, of which only five were reported.

Maclean's: How has the government managed to suppress this information?

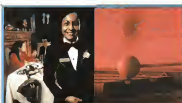
Woods: It has tightened up on the press laws. When I left there you had 22 acts of parliament in which there are literally dozens of regulations about what the press could or could not report. Since then, there have been two more acts which further limited what the press can report. When I was there we had the Defence Act, which said, in effect, that you can't publish any military news without the permission of the military. In 1979 they introduced the Police Act, which means, in effect, you can't print anything that may reflect adversely on the police without police permission.

Maclean's: Botha's talk of liberalization—even if there's no substance to it, as you suggest—seems to have provided a strong reaction among many whites. Is it moving them further to the right?

Woods: Yes. It's quite incredible. There are people who felt that any move to allow blacks into restaurants was the thin end of the wedge. It was just going to lead to large-scale integration. A large proportion of Afrikaner nationalists are not in favor of any concessions, even token concessions.

Maclean's: Do you think violence is inevitable if white resistance is successful?

Woods: It's hard to predict just how, when and where large-scale violence will break out except to say that most parts of South Africa are like a tinderbox—a situation in which one incident could touch off national violence because the level of anger is high. The pass laws have been made more stringent and the penalties make severe. Every black has to carry a pass, and if he is challenged by a policeman and doesn't have that pass, he can be thrown in jail. Last year 370,000 were jailed under the pass law, usually for short periods. That is more than 1,000 a day. Rather than the particulars of oppression, you just look at the overall situation. Here is a society that is alone in the world in that it denies human rights according to pigmentation of skin. To me, there is something obscene about the country's representations abroad walking the streets of a free world of free people. I believe the only necessary reason it is the black majority in South Africa to turn against the symbols and the representatives of such a regime.



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COLUMN

Backward into the starter's gate



By Charles Gordon

The old Russian joke has this guy in a bar, a visitor from the West, getting a bit too much juice on board and asking people what they think of Khrushchev. The Russian he's talking to takes the Westerner out into a deserted alley, looks all around to make sure no one is watching, and whispers, "I like him."

Something like that is happening now to Conservative Leader Joe Clark. The people who don't support him make all the noise. There is always a microphone nearby to catch it. The people who support him would just as soon not talk about it. It's not that they don't like him. It's just that they don't really want to engage in dialogue. If they say they like him, somebody might reply:

"What people will refer to as the Countdown to Winnipeg is starting. The Tories are meeting in Winnipeg in January and could, if they felt like it, vote in favour of a leadership convention. This would be very exciting, far more exciting than if they voted against a leadership convention."

If this country isn't exactly ripe for a Conservative leadership convention, it is more than ripe for a Countdown to Winnipeg. Nothing much exciting has been going on lately, unless you count the departure of former Privy Council clerk Michael Pitfield, whose arrival wasn't all that exciting either. And unless you count the appointment of a royal commission on the economy. You wouldn't count that.

Meanwhile, here is the case of some media with not much to do. The royal commission hasn't started, and it wouldn't matter much if it had. No one knows where Michael Pitfield is (although no one ever knew where Michael Pitfield was, even when he was). So why set up of a few Countdown to Winnipeg stars?

The new material is all around. Some little guy takes half an hour off from his shift at the doughnut shop to announce himself as the chairman of the Dump Joe Committee of Upper Whitist and part of the next meeting, too. Reporters write it all down. He says they're going to get Joe this time and that he has nothing against him personally. He just thinks that leadership conventions are best.

The radio guys have all on this tape, and the TV lights go on when he says a clear majority of the delegates are go-

ing to vote for a leadership convention although they have nothing against Joe personally. How big a majority, someone wants to know. The chairman of the Dump Joe Committee of Upper Whitist and part of the next meeting does a quick count in his head and says 185 per cent, give or take five or six.

The reporters would love to stick around and ask him some more about this but they have to rush off to catch the press conference given by the president of the Conservative Dump Joe Committee. His wife needs the car by 1030, and he can't spare much time. Also, he would appreciate it if they would refer to him in their stories as the founder, rather than the president.

It all makes good copy. BEHOLD, THE DUMP JOE COMMITTEE READY TO DUMP JOE. CONMITTEE ANNOUNCES. And the reaction stories can be spun out for days. Reporters of Joe say "piffa," and somebody is certain to say polls are for dogs. Secret meetings are held by both sides and then denied. There is no more stuff.

'Everyone knows that leadership conventions are more fun than royal commissions or looking for Michael Pitfield'

my story that a demand that a secret meeting was held.

The Countdown to Winnipeg reactions. In reaction to the announcements from Upper and Lower Whitist and parts of the next meeting, Joe's leadership opponents are asked to comment. Joe doesn't actually have any leadership opponents, but that doesn't matter. Core people were once identified as leadership opponents. Once having been referred to as such, they were certified losers. Anything they said to deny it was taken as evidence that they were simply playing their cards close to the vest.

Maloney, Crooks, Crooks, Blalock, Leighton, Davis, Tinker, Evans, Chazee, Death, Jones—all are consulted, some comments. They say "no comment." They say "they say the party already has a leader. The reporters say, 'What did they mean by that?' Then the pundits tell them. The pundits know what they meant by that, and it sure beats (B) for Joe Clark. The

Conservative party is about to self-destruct again. Don't they ever learn?

And no wonder this party is about to self-destruct, with so many people actively pursuing the leadership. It's true that they have never actually been very actively pursuing the leadership. But they have been. Often. Mentioned as leadership hopefuls. If they didn't want to be. Often. Mentioned, how come they are so often mentioned?

Oh? You just watch them in Winnipeg. They seem not to be running for the leadership.

As the countdown continues, mathematics enters. Or enter, depending on how many of them there are. Joe will get 75 per cent. Joe will get 80 per cent. Whatever. Oh. Don't think that 75 per cent or 80 per cent, or whatever, is a victory.

Reporters get the story. Pundits tell the people what to think of it. The numbers belong to the pundits. If 75 per cent, that means... if 80 per cent, that means... and what does that mean? It means a crushing blow. It means the death knell for the Conservative party. It has to mean that. Otherwise there wouldn't be a leadership convention. Everybody knows that leadership conventions are more fun than royal commissions or looking for Michael Pitfield.

This isn't to say that the people who are running for the leadership are not interesting. It's just that their standard speech is a bit difficult to follow. They become more and more so.

• That the party will be strengthened by a leadership convention.

• That this should not be construed as criticism of the present leader.

• That they will be managing against him when the convention is held.

The key to being often mentioned seems to be in not making a speech like this.

As the countdown nears its final days, advance messengers are sent to Winnipeg. It's odd, the report. An welcome awaits Joe Clark. And what else is it? It's ironic. This city is true as it gears itself for a political bloodbath. The countdown never ends if it mixes a metaphor as two.

Watch for it. The Countdown to Winnipeg officially began as soon as the first article appears saying the Countdown to Winnipeg begins. Oh. Sorry.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for The Ontario Review.



CANADA

The troubled northern dream

By Linda Diebel

The story was sweeping: Indian and Northern Affairs Minister John Manly had planned to announce that the federal government was going to move to overcome one long-standing problem posed by Canada's vast North—an agreement in principle to the political division of the Northwest Territories. And he wanted his new parliamentary colleague Peter Bessner, who last week abandoned the seat for the federal Liberals, to be standing with him. But the Arctic suddenly rattled up a show of the power of the natural forces, as if to tauntingly remind southerners of its unravellability. An Arctic straddled initiative in the Eastern Arctic centre of Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island, and Manly made his Ottawa announcement alone. Consequently, the 58-year-old lawyer from Nanaimo, elected from the New Democratic Party, was left to deliver his opinion that the day was "an historic moment for the North" through a radio interview on the CBC's Northern Service.

Afterward, Bessner could be seen, waiting in vain for the newsmen to ease sufficiently to allow Manly to jet east. Frobisher Bay and which live off for a year across the territories to replace Ottawa's position. (There are a

number of proposals, but the concept of dividing the vast territory into smaller political entities has already been endorsed in an N.W.T.-wide plebiscite last spring.) If rumors confirmed by Bessner's father, Olive, by telephone from Rankin Inlet are true, travel by government jet is only one of the treats in store for the newest federal MP. He could also be elected to the cabinet as minister of state responsible for politi-

Despite new overtures from Ottawa, northerners still wonder if anyone is really looking after their interests

cal evolution north of the 66th parallel.

But little evolution is in sight. Manly was adamant that, no matter what new political entities may be in the offing, Ottawa is not prepared to cede control over what he called "the bigness," ownership of land and resources. As for provincial status for the territories, "we all have dreams," he mused, but none is definitely not the time. His rapidly left politicians and senior bureaucrats across the Yukon and Northwest Terri-

tones echoing a criticism that Hilarious made in a Maclean's interview before his switch that, so long as Bill C-48, the legislative arm of the National Energy Program, remains the effective controlling document over all oil and gas development in the North, any political decisions that do not include some type of resource ownership are just as much "window dressing." As an NDPer Hilarious dinged Bill C-48 through committee and the House of Commons because he believed that "No single piece of legislation has ever had such potential impact on northern native people." He saved his most scathing comments for the Canadian Oil and Gas Lands Administration (COGLA), an agency established last March to run all oil and gas developments in the Canadian Lands, which include all lands north of the 66th parallel and all offshore areas, both east and west.

An area larger than all 10 provinces is controlled by COGLA, which has been operating discreetly, or, as an administrator, Maurice Tachereau, says, "under cover," for the past year. COGLA decides both the pace of development for exploiting an estimated \$40 billion in oil and gas by 1990 and which companies will get the contracts. But it also has responsibility for the protection of the environment and distribution of industrial benefits. And that is where its



Flaring camp in eastern N.W.T., Gannet's icebreaker Gannet Kipariak in the Beaufort showing signs of 'Oil Patch fever'

opponents—from native groups, opposition parties, environmental agencies and territorial legislatures—are encountering problems. The powerful agency, they charge, is showing a sign of "oil patch fever" as it encounters a struggle over oil and gas development without proper environmental and socioeconomic checks and balances.

The energy ministry holds sway south of the 66th parallel, but as all matters north of 66, including environmental and social concerns, Tachereau reports directly to Manly's office—short-circuiting the branches that work most closely on the environment and land claims. A series of environmental safeguards is in place—but at the minister's discretion. And Tachereau told Maclean's in an interview that he has no sympathy for the "layer upon layer of government bureaucracy" or for what he considers to be the endless costs and delays of environmental advisory panels.

The able Marshall (Mike) Cohen, former deputy energy minister under Marc Lalonde (and now Lalonde's deputy in the finance department), hired Tachereau to COGLA over a couple of dinners in Montreal. The task was official—Tachereau, 62, was only too willing to quit his post as president of the Alberta Corp. in the fall of 1981 when it was about to be nationalized by the Parti Québécois government. He cherishes Cohen's advice for operating effectively in Ottawa: "Keep your head down, run like hell, but make sure you're got the ball." He said he was amazed that he would have the power to set up a "one wonder" operation to

streamline industry's needs through a single agency. Tachereau commented, "If we have to run roughshod over people who get in our way, we will, but we haven't had to do that."

One reason Tachereau has not had to face COGLA's legislative mandate is that its powers have gradually smothered its rivals "like a giant pillow," as one disgruntled federal official complains. Instead, buttressed by incentive grants, separate its own environmental reports, but they are processed through Indian and Northern Affairs in his Yellowknife office Arthur Rodolph, assistant director of renewable resources for the ministry, wonders why conventional conditions, such as provisions for predevelopment drilling around fuel bladders at Panarctic Oil Limited's Arctic island operations, are removed

by officials at COGLA.

Tachereau has little time for the bureaucratic machinations of Indian and Northern Affairs, which co-ordinates information with the environment ministry. In 1977 Environment Canada warned that "massive, unplanned or premature industrial development could have catastrophic environmental consequences. The sensitive Arctic environment must be monitored." A series of incidents ranging from oil spills and high-pressure natural gas and freshwater blowouts to reports of fish and bivalve deaths, allegedly due to development, have been documented. Neil Paulsen, assistant deputy minister of Indian and Northern Affairs, recently completed a massive land-use planning report covering the potential impact of development. Concluded Tachereau: "It's a useless document."

The mystery of who is listening to whom as far as the Arctic environment is concerned, becomes even more unfathomable as a result of information contained in a confidential exchange of letters last May between then Energy Minister Lalonde and Environment Minister John Roberts. Lalonde warned Roberts that "We may have to deal with some issues related to the Beaufort Sea prior to the expected completion date of the environmental review," and asked him how to speed up the Beaufort Sea Environmental Assessment and Review Panel. An apparently indignant Roberts pointed out that the oil companies had delayed in providing environmental reports and reminded Lalonde of his Energy Program promise to protect the North. He wrote that "It will be difficult



COGLA

Maclean's

The freedom to choose



Justin Clark: a question of controlling his own life

It was a case that touched hearts and opened minds. On one side of a spartan courtroom was the father, Ronald Clark, an Ontario former Ottawa diary writer who asked the Tasarek court to declare that his son was mentally incompetent. On the other side sat his 26-year-old son, Justin, who was pegged in a wheelchair because of his cerebral palsy but gripped by a passionate determination to run his own life. The warring arguments flowed back and forth for six painful days. Then, late last week Judge John Matheson handed Justin's spirit and defiance his mentally competent, although he has been mildly retarded from birth. An obstinate clerk and Justin nodded with joy, experts predicted that the case will become a landmark decision in the struggle for rights for the handicapped. Said Matheson, his eyes brimming with tears: "A courageous man such as Justin Clark is entitled to take a risk."

The case—which is without precedent in Ontario—began in the summer of 1985 when Justin wanted to leave the massive LRTS-bed Bedouin Regional Centre for the retarded in Brantford Falls,

Ont. His home there he was it, to take a trip with former teacher Norman Pickens. Although his parents had not visited him for most of his teenage years, they said so to the trip request, and officials bowed to their wishes even though a doctor had certified that Justin was capable of giving his own consent for outings. That was the start of a bitter 18-month chain. In court the parents' lawyer said that Ronald Clark was frightened that his son would discharge himself from the safety of the institution. The parents did not rule out a group home—Justin's desire—but they wanted to choose the place and the timing of the move. While Justin took the stand and communicated through his symbols, a board of sticklike symbols, he insisted, "I like tea out—what I want to do."

Confronted by those opposing Justin's wishes, Justin's needs, Matheson

complained about Ontario's antiquated Mental Incompetency Act and pleaded with the parties to reach an out-of-court settlement. Under the 1985 statute, the judge can only declare competency or incompetency with no provision for any intermediary judgments such as limited guardianship. To add to the legal conundrum, the sole definition of a mental incompetent is someone who "requires care, supervision and control for his protection and the protection of his property." Experts agreed that Justin needed care and supervision but they differed over the issue of control.

In the end, the judge's comprehensive 13-page ruling portrayed Justin as a mildly retarded man locked in a severely disabled body. Matheson, himself crippled with injuries suffered at Galt, Italy, during the Second World War, reviewed Justin's laudatory progress reports over the years, marvelled at his 18-month breakthrough at the age of 13, and dismissed the opinions of some of the parents' expert witnesses. "With incredible effort," Justin Clark has managed to overcome his passion for freedom as well as his love of family during the course of this trial," concluded Matheson. "We have recognized a profile, trusting, believing spirit and very much a thinking human being who has his unique part to play in our compassionate, interdependent society."

The ruling means changes for Justin Clark but it will have ramifications for other Justins as well. Stunned by his friends, the youth declared that he will move next month to Pickens's Ottawa group home, which is headed in Jean Vanier's progressive L'Arche in France. The senior Clark, rigid with self-control, declared that he was "apprehensive" about the ruling but said, "I can live with it."

Spokesmen for the Ontario attorney general's department predicted that the Mental Incompetency Act will soon be amended, and experts speculated that Justice Clark's for freedom will convince other patients to similar facilities in light of control of their fate. "A few

weeks ago he wouldn't have even been able to find a lawyer to take this case," remarks Harry Beatty, head counsel for the Ontario Association for the Mentally Retarded. "It's an example of the legal system reacting in a much more sensitive way."

What's more, the competence and ability in Justin Clark—he was heard —MARY JONKIN in Ottawa.

Ronald Clark's symbols



Killing seals on the ice: movie stars vs. an ancient way of life

NATIONAL

Seal wars: the final battle?

The Walt Disney saga of Canada's famous seal pups rushes toward its climax this week. The denouement will be far from the desolating sea of the St. Lawrence and the Labrador coast. It will take place in a quiet boardroom in Copenhagen, where the 30 environment ministers of the European Economic Community will decide whether to commit their governments to a ban on seal pelts imports. The prohibition would go into effect on March 1, just in time to scuttle next spring's hunt. And, if they slum Europe's doom, the ministers will almost certainly reduce the \$10-million-a-year industry to little more than a hobby book store.

But more than a business is at stake. The Dec. 3 vote symbolizes the clash between a traditional way of life for 6,000 Inuit, Quebec and Newfoundland sealers and the Hollywood-inspired environmental consciousness of the big city. The hunters and the Canadian government have history, logic and economics on their side. Van protesters have Brigitte Bardot, fall-page newspaper ads, petitions from schoolchildren and packs of hard film footage of grizzly-faced sealers crawling the skulls of codfish and sea page. "It's pretty powerful emotional stuff," admits Newfoundlanders William Humphreys, the cabinet minister spearheading the government's last-ditch efforts to save the seal hunt. "But we're going to fight. We've got to. It's not only a matter of principle, it's a question of culture and economics."

Ottawa has chosen deliberately to avoid a slick public relations approach, deciding instead to keep its appeal restrained and businesslike. But the Canadian position is a strong one. For one

thing, sealing is vital to the survival of many isolated communities. For another, there is indisputable scientific evidence that Canada's seal population is by no means endangered—harp seals, in fact, are increasing in numbers. Not only that, but the killing methods are no more gruesome than those used in any abattoir, and Canadian officials contend that the international trade system must not be undermined by purely emotional complaints.

As decision day approached, careful last-minute strategies were developed on both sides of the Atlantic. In Ottawa last week the federal and Newfoundland governments, in a rare display of co-operation, hurriedly put together a delegation of politicians for speak-outs in London, Copenhagen, Paris and Bonn for a last round of appeals against the ban. The group, led by Social Business Minister Romy, includes Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford, federal Fisheries Minister Pierre De La Rue, his provincial counterpart, James Morgan, Newfoundland Conservative MP James McGrath and fellow Tory Lloyd Crosson from Nova Scotia. When the group descended on London's foreign ministry last Friday for the first round of lobbying, the paganism Peckford was at his confrontational best. Said Peckford: "We will not take this lying down."

At the same time, senior bureaucrats at 933 headquarters sent a Telex to their ministers in Ottawa advising the staff to stop calling this week's vote "hunting." Let's just refer to it as a posture or attitude," said Guy Morgan, the 1987's Canadian spokesman.

In Newfoundland the sealers were gathering for a major conference in



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But Tardis to discuss better ways to tell the world their side of the story. In the Northwest Territories a delegation of Inuit leaders, led by New Democratic-turned-Liberal MP Peter Bessner, was preparing to set out its own sayings of persuasion to the capitals of Europe.

And across the country homeowners received glossy brochures from the International Fund for Animal Welfare, warning them "Caution, the photos attached show scars from the baby seal massacre. You will find them extremely disturbing."



Clubbing seals in Paris: demanding to inspect the shavings of Europe

only official resource in the event of such a ruling would be to ask international trade officials for an investigation to determine whether the seal breaks the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

Still, there are a number of less polite ways of putting pressure on the EC: Canada could bar European fishing vessels from its 200-mile offshore zone. It could also become very pendulous about the way EC members kill geese, calves and young pigs, demanding to inspect the abattoirs of Europe to make

sure that the killing is "human." Or Canada could quietly let a drill fall over its traditionally friendly relations with the EC. On his recent trip to Europe Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau warned both the French and the West Germans that "Canada would think about reprisals" if the seal boycott were passed.

For their part, the activists responded that clubbing the animals to death in their first few weeks of life is inhumane and inhumane. In a recent full-page ad in *met* London newspaper, the Seal Protesters Group (U.K.)

urged Britons "Turn the hunt without pity into a hunt without profit—tens of thousands of defecation and urine on lawns and streets as your pet dog or cat desperately seek your help."

Dietrich Harmer, the West German diplomat who heads the EC mission in Ottawa, shares that concern. "We don't say the seal harvest is immoral, but many of our people are morally shocked at the whole procedure," he says. In fact, the specific provision of the international trade rule that the EC would use to restrict a ban is a section allowing a country to protect the entry of "mainly offensive products." It is usually used to keep out pornography. "Moral issue—I would like to know who aimed that phrase," says George Whitman, public affairs manager for the Hudson's Bay Co., which has been in the fur-buying business for 250 years. "If we're talking about moral issues, it is immoral for one society to dictate a set of regulations to another society." And, he adds, if the protesters were really concerned about protecting the environment, they would focus on the fact that the world's oceans are being polluted so fast that all sea life is endangered.

Kirk Smith, a community organizer for rural Newfoundland, holds even stronger views. He accuses the protesters of clearing their consciences by saving cute little animals instead of grappling with the bigger issue of keeping the entire economy in balance. "Sure, it's a pretty little creature, but that's irrelevant," he says. "You can have respect for a life-form, but still harvest it."

James McGrath finds the protest disgusting. "Obviously I'm biased," the St. John's MP says, recalling that his father, Patrick, first went out sealing at the age of 14. "But I resent that—it's nothing but a big money-making media event." McGrath himself has gone down on a hunt. "I would find it difficult to have to crush a seal's skull, quite frankly," admits the former broadcaster and father of six. "But I would do it if I had to feed my family."

Kirk Smith has been out on the ice too. He has shot and skinned a seal. He has felt the excitement and danger of the hunt as well as the pity and sadness that overwhelm a man when one of the fluffy supports starts in on its own. "Everybody loves small creatures with big eyes," he says. "But we're not dealing with Wal Disney here. This is real life."

A constant away in Copenhagen, this week the politicians of Europe will have to make their choice—Wals Disney or real life?

—CAROL GOAR in Ottawa, with Peter MacDonald in Paris

Macdonald picks a \$700-a-day team

Although Pierre Trudeau called it the most important royal commission in the nation's history, the beginning of the economic inquiry could hardly have been shakier. The first slip came when Donald Macdonald acknowledged that he would consider resigning from the chairmanship of the inquiry into Canada's economic prospects to run for the Liberal leadership should Trudeau retire. When he was appointed to lead the Clark Commission, Macdonald displayed his old political conventionalities. Noting that the New Democratic Party and the 30 provincial premiers had renewed their criticism, Macdonald declared, "There's more interest in the substance of it than the petty politics." Then, Mr. House Leader Ian Deane rolled at Trudeau for suggesting that it was the opposition parties who were crippling the commission by attacking Macdonald's Liberal history. "But," said Donald Macdonald, "and I wanted to be free to leave and run for the leadership of the Liberal party—not me," gazed down.

The commission will begin its deliberations on evidence mounts that the economy is suffering more than a single short-time downturn. Last week Macdonald named his nine colleagues, who, for about \$700 a day, will help him sort out everything from grain handling to Senate reform. Gerald Decker, national director of the United Steelworkers and one of the commissioners named, has seen his union's membership slashed by 75,000. Criticized for signing on, Decker said, "I have the distinct feeling that more than anything of these 75,000 people will not return." As a result, Decker is prepared to give the Liberals a "last chance."

The other commissioners span a wide political spectrum and include two distinguished economists, Clarence Barber and Albert Shuter, union dairy (Doc) Seaman, William Hamilton, the highly respected president of the B.C. Playboys, Oswald, Montreal lawyer Michel Robert, Angela Castwell Peters, chief executive of Beermag Bros. Ltd.; Catherine Wallace, former chairman of the Maritime Provinces Higher Education Commission; and Anne Widdis, former high commissioner in Britain.

Sensitive to charges that Trudeau is giving him a favored position in a future race for the Liberal leadership, Macdonald told Macdonald that he would quit if his presence on the commission was "less than adequate." But he added, "I'm not prepared to take Joe Clark's word for it."

—IAN ANDERSON in Ottawa



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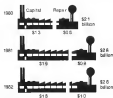


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Pulp and Paper Reports:

Upgrading Canadian Mills



(IN BILLIONS OF DOLLARS) (Source: Decker)

The sales prospects for Canadian pulp and paper processors long-term thinking. With demand well assured, the industry by the end of the century. But Canada's industry is facing new competition. Many countries are stimulating growth of their own pulp and paper industries, sometimes with low-cost wood or other factors that give them a competitive edge. Canada's pulp and paper companies, in

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now it is a commitment to fight for Canada's role in pulp and paper. For many industries on the challenge facing Canada's pulp and paper industry, lead for "Pulp and Paper Reports: Cost Competitiveness," a free booklet from Pulp Information Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, San Luis Building, Suite 200, 1255 Metcalfe Street, Montreal, Quebec, H3R 2G8. Dept. O

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PHILIPS



A question of privilege

The conversation that sparked the controversy took place late last year. Former federal minister Judd Buchanan approached his friend John Roberts, now the federal environment minister responsible for Canada's national parks. Said the bespectacled Buchanan: "John, my colleagues and I are doing a project in Banff. The Parks Canada people have asked us to exchange some land. We have now been negotiating with them for 10 or 11 months. Could you have your folks look at it and see if anything can be done to

responsible for the national parks from 1974 to 1976, joined them as a third partner.

In early 1984 Gov. approached Parks Canada on the trade's behalf with a proposal to build a rental apartment for government and business employees in Banff. Parks Canada, faced with a chronic shortage of affordable staff accommodations in Banff, liked the idea but not the proposed location. Eventually, the two parties decided to exchange parcels of land, providing Buchanan's group with a piece of property

any thing? Was it simply 'Would you look at it'?"

Despite Buchanan's seeming impetuosity, the swap was rejected because Parks Canada did not think it was fair. As negotiations dragged on, Buchanan's group was attacked on another front. In October some new residents, alarmed by the project's imminent approval, banded together to fight the project, fearful that it would disrupt the environment but even more concerned with having some sort of voice in what happened in their community. Protests erupted, and a rapid flurry of letters and petitions of protest were sent off to Roberts.

On Nov. 1 the issues for the land swap were finally agreed. Two weeks later the building permit was in hand. Six days later, on controversy reached a thunderous pitch, the man who named the permit, Lee Ruzin, resigned. Before departing for British Columbia, he announced Parks Canada an Ottawa of forcing local officials to act against the wishes of the town's residents.

In the Commons Roberts rejected Tory accusations—charging that he had put pressure on to permit the deal and Buchanan says: "It's really grossly unfair to him (Roberts). He did nothing in the sense of leaning on people, or anything else."

in a major scenic park of Banff. The federal land, which was latched between hotels, motels and houses, had been used as a park for nearly a century with its stands of 100-year-old evergreens, hemlock and spruce.

Although local Parks Canada officials liked the deal, the land swap still had to be approved by Ottawa. That approval was not forthcoming, and as months dragged by, frustrations grew. Faced with delays and the prospect of losing a \$100 million federal loan which was phased out on Dec. 20, 1981, Buchanan decided to speed the deal up. He approached Roberts. Buchanan told Roberts that the minister's "Myke" would be speaking in John's hat. I won't be in any sense saying if there's any way we can get around these roads, or shortcut it for me, or

and other Parks officials indicated that, because of his involvement, the project was delayed due to overactivity. "We were very common in the region and in the park and even in headquarters that we didn't want to be tarred with the brush that there was political influence here," says Robert Lockhart, Parks Canada regional manager for realty and resident services in Calgary.

By week's end Buchanan had escaped the turmoil by flying out for some quiet thinking at home. He was back in Ottawa on Dec. 20, 1981. Although he admitted that the controversial conversation "was a mistake," many were still wondering whether or not they could have been better than that. —GORDON LEEGER in Calgary, with Ian Anderson in Ottawa, Carol Romano in Toronto

SASKATCHEWAN

Explaining away a stain of red ink

For the past seven months Saskatchewan has been the best-kept secret in Canada. The election of Premier Grant Devine's Conservative government last April led not only to the cancellation of a 30-per-cent provincial gasoline tax, having average prices in the period of 30 cents a litre for regular, but it also resulted in Canada's first universal mortgage subsidy program. Both programs were staples of the Tories' election campaigns and helped produce one of Canada's lowest provincial inflation rates. Yet commentators complained about the Tory freshmen, but there were concerns about who would have to pay for them.

Then, last week, the bill for Devine's campaign loans finally landed with a thud. Finance Minister Bob Andrew presented a \$29-million bill, well on its way to—far Saskatchewan—\$20-million deficit.

Not only was the deficit the largest in the province's history but it was only the third since 1948. The other two came back-to-back in the early 1960s and were minuscule—\$2.4 million in 1964-65 and \$3 million the following year.

For his part, Andrew tried to wipe his hands clean of the red ink, asserting Alvin Blakesley's former star government of "gle-in-the-sky" massive predictions in a pre-election budget last March. But the Tory budget was, in fact, a re-arrangement of that ill-fated star balance sheet. According to Andrew, it was a "mid-course correction" designed to keep the province on the rails until the first full Tory budget next March.

After promising the voters tax cuts and balanced budgets, the government was beset for accusations that the deficit was simply a result of politically expedient campaign pledges. Andrew defensively insisted that a government plan for two days of media harassment, using smaller community radio stations and newspapers to give his explanation for the red-inked budget. "We inherited this deficit the day we were elected," insisted Andrew, even though the last NDP budget statement had forecast a \$20-million surplus in the 1980-81 fiscal year that ends next March. "The NDP overestimated revenues by \$200 million and underestimated expenditures by \$100 million," declared the minister. Blakesley, for his part, shrugged vehemently. Known for his administrative skills while in office, the former premier said that Andrew's claim simply was not "credible" because his 11-year

government never ran a single deficit. "It is their budget," growled Blakesley. "They took credit for some tax cuts and they must take responsibility for the deficit that flows from them."

The truth is probably somewhere in between. Elimination of the gas tax has cost the government \$122 million. The mortgage plan, which now subsidizes 7 keep interest rates down to 12.25 per cent, is estimated to cost \$35 million even with plunging interest rates. On the revenue side, the Tories project a \$225 million drop in resource revenues.

Some of the losses have been cut by

spending \$170 million from the NDP budget through drastic cuts in advertising, contractual services and governmental advertising. At the same time, the government has saved money by not filling many of the almost 1,500 vacancies—396 of which were created by its purge of the civil service. Still, Andrew refused to apologize for the deficit. "I was working wrong with deficit financing when times are tough," Andrew argued. But the biggest shock was absorbed by Saskatchewan residents, who now have a delayed-election election budget. —DALE BROWN in Regina



Banff's main street, Roberts, Buchanan (below) a controversial conversion, a preliminary offer

explore it?" Roberts, says Buchanan, replied, "Judd, we'll have to look at it."

That brief—but intense—exchange raised a political flame in the House of Commons last week. For four consecutive days Opposition Conservative MPs attacked Roberts, whom they dubbed "the minister for parks and patronage," in an attempt to uncover evidence of wrongdoing. By week's end, however, it was unclear whether the Tories had caught the Liberals with their hands in the till or whether they were merely creating a tempest in a teacup. The fury centred around the Northwoods Manor, a 70-unit low-rise apartment development on the edge of Banff townsite. In 1970 John Gow, a well-known Banff businessman and a friend of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's, and Harold Milroy, president of Trans Corp., a Calgary-based real estate company controlled by the Brown family, discussed assembling land along Banff's Cave Avenue for development. Two years later Buchanan, the minister



PEOPLE

LAST SUMMER Jerry Smallwood learned suggestions that he was afraid to appear before a federal tribunal probing the business practices of his old friend John G. Doole. Newfoundland's longtime premier (1949-78) claimed that the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission had no right to summon a former "Queen's Minister." Any testimony from him would violate Crown privilege, breach his oath of office and violate cabinet secrecy, Smallwood told Neilson, ruled Madam Justice Bertha Wilson last week after hearing Smallwood's appeal. Smallwood has no blanket immunity, Wilson decided, but he could claim relative immunity on the stand. However, it was up to the courts, not Smallwood, to decide what could and could not be withheld, she added. Ironically, Smallwood may find the proceedings a lonely one. Doyle, the former chairman of Canadian Jewish Life, who is now living in Panama, learned last week that he will not have to appear before the tribunal. Refusing to return to Canada to testify, Doyle is being prosecuted by the Panamanian government, which will not allow the tribunal to



Byrne, Kelley McLeod and five mother Lightstone: a simple story with heart

hitches up with Frank Chase (art media), the man who accidentally killed her first husband, in order to feed her little ones. The newsgroups don't like each other much until the little boy (Josh Byrne) acquires an outlaw pony who saves his life. It sounds like a cross between *My Friend Flicka* and *The Black Stallion*, with a touch of *Raiders*. But, says Lightstone, "actually, it is more like *Steel Dawn*." And no one feels the least bit apologetic. "The Wild Pony is a surefire bet," says producer Edie Lieberman, who co-wrote the adaptation from a book called *The Fear of the Black Pony*. She has proof: Lieberman not only raised the \$300,000 budget from private investors without any assurance of tax writeoffs but she sold the movie to Film Channel pay TV before shooting even began the month so far she has received a number of inquiries about getting it into the theatres, too. Lightstone, whose last two feature films are still awaiting distribution, is relieved to know she will be seen. Besides, after she read the script three times, the urbane Toronto actress concluded that it would work. "It has heart, philosophy and compassion," says Lightstone. "And I am hard-nosed." Imagine what it will do for the soft-hearted.

Robert: a winner after all



Robert: a winner after all

A new Hebert last out in the finale for France's most coveted

literary award, the Prix Goncourt. But the 66-year-old doyenne of Quebec writers was vindicated last week when she won the sought-after Prix Femina for her fifth and latest novel, *Les faux de bonum* (The Gamblers). In the aftermath the Canadian Embassy and the Quebec delegation in Paris (where Hebert has lived for most of the past 30 years) each had a frenzied celebration. Dispatching its invitations by underground pneumatic tubes, the embassy attracted her first. But Quebec's delegate general, Yves Michaud, who relied on the shower suite and a number of phone calls, drew a bigger crowd the next evening in his avenue Foch residence. René Lévesque called his congratulations, while Hebert's old friend Paul Trudelle ignored the event. The besotted Hebert declined to comment, however, on the federal

provincial contest to elate her. "Maybe I will give up writing and go into diplomacy," she laughed. Along with the Femina Hebert received three offers from science companies fighting for the rights to her violent and poetic saga of an intrepid English layheret endure on the shores of the Gaspé. Still undecided about how to use her \$600 prize, the author of *Amour-ahle* teased, "Maybe I will take a trip to Canada to see my friends—and the snow."

—EDITED BY BARBARA BUCHTIN



The fiery Smallwood, finely cautious?

visit him. Smallwood is remaining terse about the new turn of events. Saying only that he appeals to the Supreme Court may have been premature, he admitted. "I did not, nor will I, make the same mistake of making premature comment on a judgment that I have not even seen." The legendary 81-year-old finally may be cultivating caution.

Consider the scenario: A straggled Franco mother, Sarah Pellos (played by Marilyn Lightstone),

Can you look this man straight in the eye and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?



A DOOMSDAY DECISION

By Michael Posner

The news caught up with Ed Herschler in Denver, where the Wyoming governor was attending a conference of western state governors. He already knew the details. He had been briefed in advance by the White House. But when President Ronald Reagan's decision to base the MX in intercontinental ballistic missile near Cheyenne, Wyo., was officially made public last week, the policy Herschler evoked the bitter-sweet dilemma of nuclear strategists by likening the announcement to word of "a mother-in-law driving your new Cadillac over a cliff, or your teenage daughter coming home at 3 a.m. with a Golden Bitch under her arm." In short, from Herschler's sensitive vantage point the MX plan contained both good points and bad. On balance, he said, he was for it.

Good or bad, reassuring or unassuming, the Reagan administration's \$58.4-billion

Between drawing board and deployment, new weapons systems develop a momentum that is very difficult to arrest

MX proposal to bury 100 MX missiles in superhardened silos beneath a 32.5-km-long swatch of real estate somewhere north of Cheyenne is clearly controversial. The MX will now become the focus of a fierce U.S. debate—in Congress, in the press and in the polls—about the nation's military budget, defense priorities, arms control and the uncharted minefield of U.S.-Soviet relations in the post-Brezhnev era. Above all, for citizens along the 90th parallel, the MX base raised unsettling prospects of a destruction scenario played out over their borders (see page 36).

In Ottawa, where the federal government secured a briefing three hours before Reagan's statement, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau reiterated support for "de-escalation or a reduction in a nuclear arms." But he said that he did not plan to protect the Reagan decision. As Defense Minister Gilroy Kennedy told the Commons, the MX move "has nothing to do, in a way, with Canada." In another way, however, it could have



MX test in Nevada: for every defense, a predictable and powerful rebuttal

Former defense minister Allan McKinnon, who has extensive contacts in the North American military establishment, says that he has been informed that to buttress the MX base the Americans will build more sophisticated missiles (AMIRs)—designed to shoot down incoming Soviet missiles, possibly in Canadian airspace. Decried McKinnon: "We are the ones who have to interpret the American actions to our NATO allies, and I'm completely baffled as to how we can interpret this."

In Washington the MX will face its first trial this week when the House of Representatives' appropriations committee votes on the 1981 defense bill. Committee member Joseph Addabbo (D-N.Y.) wants to kill funding for the first several missiles to be deployed.

The welcome in the Republican-controlled Senate is apt to be an unmitigated. There, 616 members have already signed their names to an anti-MX letter written by Ernest Hollings (D-S.C.), who has vowed to delay funding from any money bills passed during Congress' current session. Canceled Paul Laxton (R-Sen.), the president's closest confidant in Capitol Hill. "He's probably going to have one of his greater legislative battles."

Vulnerable. Still, for its champions in the air force, the munitions lobbies and conservative factions in both parties, the MX missile is, as the president declared in his prize-time television address last week, "the right missile at the right time." In virtually every measure of military power, Reagan charged, "the Soviet Union enjoys a decided advantage." While that seemed to be an overstatement of the facts, it is true that the current arsenal of 1,602 aging Titans and Minuteman missiles is considered to be increasingly vulnerable to a Soviet first strike. And the MX, shrouded in hard-core secrecy, would shore up the U.S. side in land-based ballistic systems. In the process, the debate will escalate over such issues as "fairtrade," "dense pack" and a staggering price tag for the new technology. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger last week rejected suggestions by critics that the two remaining legs of Washington's nuclear "triad"—sea-launched and air-based weapons—would provide adequate defense against a Soviet surprise attack on land-based forces. "We need the redundancy provided by all three," he stated.

At the same time, the U.S. administration claims that the MX would provide U.S. negotiators with a valuable bargaining chip at the strategic arms reduction talks in Geneva. In fact, the president told his aides, "If we don't get this thing, we might as well bring our negotiators home." Without it, the administration believes, the Kremlin

would have little incentive for agreeing to significant cuts in current levels of arms. "They would know," said Reagan, "we had nothing to bargain with except talk." Still, it is unclear whether Washington would be prepared to abandon MX deployment in return for a Soviet *quid pro quo* or whether it needs MX in order to make other, lesser concessions. Indeed, Reagan may simply want the scheme to be on the table at Geneva to see how the Soviets respond.

Another promise of the MX argument is that it would calm NATO allies' fears of involvement in any superpower nuclear war. Without the missile, it is argued, the Europeans might complain that the United States was sacrificing its land-based capability just when NATO is deploying Pershing II and cruise missiles abroad. In other words, the Europeans might suspect that they were not simply supporting the third leg of the nuclear triad but that they were the third leg. As a result, a refusal by Congress to build the MX would imperil the scheduled placement of Pershing and cruise in Europe.

Perhaps most decisively, in Reagan's view, the MX missile would restore parity in strategic forces and strengthen the doctrine of deterrence. Soviet leaders would be reluctant, not to say irrational, to launch a pre-emptive



Reagan: a new hotline

blow, concluding that enough MX warheads would probably survive to inflict a punitive counterstrike. Just how many MX missiles would remain intact is unclear, but that very uncertainty might ease Moscow's hand from the nuclear button.

The concept of deterrence is now under attack as being the fuel that drives the arms race. But the counter-argument holds that deterrence has managed to prevent a superpower conflict since the birth of the nuclear age in 1945.

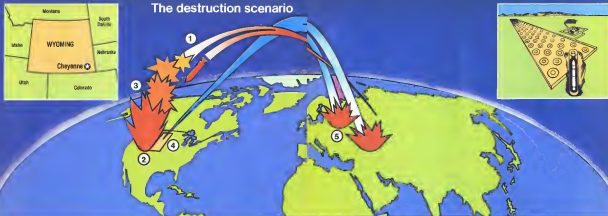
To abandon MX, according to that theory, would weaken deterrence. And to weaken deterrence is to create the very conditions that might lead one side to exploit a perceived advantage, bringing war. Underestimating that view, the White House last week gave the MX a new, reassuring name: "the Peacekeeper."

Rebuttal. That for every defense mobilized on the MX's behalf, there is a predictable and powerful rebuttal. Critics claim that the missile is the Pentagon's own lethal first-strike weapon—designed not to equalize the strategic balance but to move from virtual parity to a decisive U.S. advantage. At best, its deployment would destabilize the existing equilibrium, creating new tensions and risks, as one of the MX fans, Senator Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.) noted last week. However, most critiques of the MX

Potential 'dense pack' site for Wyoming: a differented dilemma



The destruction scenario



Simulated path of Soviet-launched missile (1) and the strike at MX base (2). First Soviet missile destroys other incoming enemy missiles (3). MX launched from Wyoming (4) against Soviet cities (5). MX sits with allies underground (lower right) and detail of U.S. Midwest (left)

COVER

plan form on the proposed "demon pack" (see page 38).

The technical argument that underlies the demon pack theory is complex and perhaps fruitless. In abstract, war would largely be computerized, programmed by physicists and mathematicians. It is hard to tell the victor from the vanquished, especially when the weapons have yet to be used. MX defenders say that the uncertainties of demon pack only become its credibility, as Soviet planners or politicians, Reagan insisted last week, "would bet the fate of his country on technical dreams of its vulnerability." The system's critics insist that \$30.4 billion in a climate of austerity is a daunting drain on the treasury for a system that may not work or that could be traded away in arms control negotiations. Says retired Admiral Noel Gayler, former director of the National Security Agency: "It's a stupid way to spend money needed for real defense."

It is indeed axiomatic that projected costs for new weapons systems multiply as rapidly and as inflexibly as rabbits. For far less grandiose sums, Gayler and others suggest, the Pentagon could

modernize the Titan and Minuteman missiles or harden existing sites. It could also build additional cruise missiles or nuclear submarines, neither of which has yet been subject to wide public scrutiny or doubt.

Some strategists believe that the Pentagon's ultimate motive is to build an aerially-launched missile defense system to protect the ICBMs, any land-based missile—given technological advances—is now only as dependable as the AFB fortress thrown up around it. But the 1972 U.S.-Soviet ABM treaty limited both sides to two ABM sites—the national capital and one other location. A 1974 protocol agreement reduced the number of ABM shields to one. The U.S. began but did not complete construction at Minut, N.D., where scores of Minuteman missiles are based. If both parties now consent to scrap the treaty, the Soviets will almost certainly build ABM defenses for the missile fields closest to Moscow, reducing the threat of U.S. retaliation. That was a particularly germane to Canada because incoming Soviet missiles would be intercepted directly over Canadian territory.

A more immediate concern is whether the demon pack configuration

violates the SALT II treaty. Although never ratified by the U.S. Senate, both the Reagan administration and the Kremlin have pledged to abide by its terms, provided neither side tries to cheat. One of SALT II's clauses bans construction of new fixed ballistic missile launchers. Since demon pack is infeasible by design, it would appear to breach that prohibition.

Competing Moscow did not miss that point last week despite the Soviet Union's continuing preoccupation with post-Andropov power plays. The election of new Communist Party chief Yuri Andropov to the Presidency, a further step toward the presidency, and the ousting of Gennadiy Alilov, 56, Andropov's erstwhile KGB ally, to the post of first deputy prime minister. In a 1,000-word editorial the party newspaper, *Pravda*, charged that "Washington cannot but know [the MX] runs counter to one of the central provisions of the SALT II accord."

The Pentagon, however, dismissed the charges. The MX, Weinberger observed, requires no new construction of separate launchers since the weapon is, in effect, self-propelled, carrying its launcher in a canister attached to the

missile. Added Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle: "Moscow is wrong." The Soviets, he said, were themselves guilty of dozens of technical violations of SALT II. For Moscow now to accuse the United States of loose interpretation of its rules "makes an absurdity of the whole SALT process."

U.S. Kremlinologists weighed the ac-

plaudits of the *Pravda* article, the first detailed Soviet response to the MX announcement. Noting *Pravda's* assertion that Moscow does not intend to "chase the U.S.A. in the creation of new weapons," they judged its tone less inflammatory than similar outpourings in the past. But they seemed uncertain whether Moscow would build its own new generation of ICBMs or find other ways to reply.

Meanwhile, the U.S.-Soviet dialogue remains essentially acerbic. Both sides freely professes a

desire for better relations, but like two wary strangers approaching a darkened corridor, neither is prepared to enter first. In a speech last week to the Communist Party Central Committee, Andropov expressed his willingness to negotiate genuine arms control agreements but he said that Moscow will make no "preliminary concessions."

The U.S. state department promptly welcomed the arms control portion of the statement but added that any U.S. move would only be in response to prior Soviet action—with regard to human rights, Poland, Afghanistan and Kampuchea.

Stalemate also reigns in the arms control arena. In Vienna, where the issue is theater nuclear weapons, the U.S. "was option" is on the table—in other words to deploy SDI. Pending it and cruise missiles if the Soviets dismantle their SS 6-20s and an equal number of SS-6s and SS-20s. But the

the program is expected until the first NATO missiles are actually in place in late 1983. In Geneva the issue is strategic arms. Again, Washington has proposed deep cuts in the warheads of both sides. But Moscow has apparently countered with a broader plan which seeks ratification of SALT II's agreed levels (2,000 bombers and missiles) plus a further reduction of 38 percent. Some Western sources, including West German Defense Minister Manfred Wörner, were optimistic that Moscow itself was at pains to forestall serious progress.

Notion. Indeed, the only overt movement last week was Reagan's offer of co-operation on three fronts: advance nuclear weapons tests and of major military exercises, exchanges of data on nuclear forces, and studies of the feasibility of expanding the world's most important and least-used telephone circuit, the Washington-Moscow hotline (actually a Telex link). *Pravda* deemed that proposal "silly." But added, "If 30 telephones directly linking Moscow and Washington, red or blue, are attached to 100 air missiles, will those missiles be less dangerous?"

Holberg: civil welcome



Photo by AP/Wide World

THE GROWTH-EDGE

Oil and Gas

PanCanadian
Petroleum Limited

Mines and Minerals

Cerroco Ltd.
Fording Coal Limited
Steep Rock
Iron Mines Limited

Forest Products

CP Inc.
Great Lakes Forest
Products Limited
Pacific Forest
Products Limited
Commandant Properties,
Limited

Iron and Steel

The Algoma Steel
Corporation, Limited
AMCA International
Limited

Real Estate

Marathon Realty
Company Limited

Agriproducts

Maple Leaf Mills Limited
Baker Commodities, Inc.

Canadian Pacific
Hotels Limited
Canadian Pacific
Enterprises (U.S.) Inc.

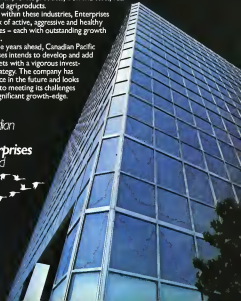
Canadian Pacific Enterprises, one of North America's largest resource asset management companies, faces the future with confidence.

Enterprises' asset base of over \$11 billion is concentrated in six basic industries: oil and gas, mines and minerals, forest products, iron and steel, real estate and agriproducts.

And within these industries, Enterprises has a mix of active, aggressive and healthy companies – each with outstanding growth potential.

In the years ahead, Canadian Pacific Enterprises intends to develop and add to its assets with a vigorous investment strategy. The company has confidence in the future and looks forward to meeting its challenges with a significant growth-edge.

Canadian
Pacific
Enterprises
Limited



While such confidence-building measures are encouraging, their value seems principally cosmetic.

They are certainly peripheral to the coming congressional debate on the MX. Most administration officials acknowledge that the program's chances in the Democratic-controlled House of Representatives are remote. The White House strategy is to win in the Senate, then negotiate actual dollar amounts in the traditional House-Senate conference. Of course, we can't "avoid" Senator Jake Garn (R-Ut.) of the White House pulls out all the stops. "Democratic Joseph Addabbo was equally optimistic that the anti-MX force would prevail but be chastened. 'I'm leery of the president's rhetoric. I have lost to him before,'"

Threat. The coalition crayed against the missile in broad and deep, including representatives of the burgeoning anti-nuclear movement and some Wyoming ranchers. Opponents argue that the missile is simply unnecessary, that the Trident submarine, cruise missile and B-1 bombers now in development provide adequate defense against any Soviet first strike. The farmers perceive a threat to waterspout of their wide-open spaces. So far, except Senator Carl Levin (D-Mich.), would be far more useful simply improving U.S. conventional forces. Some critics doubt the efficacy of nuclear pack, while others claim it will jeopardize arms control agreements, giving another ally (and to the arms race) signal.

Against all that stands the moral axiom of Reagan, the rebellious defense lobby and the influence of the Pentagon. Indeed, even if Congress kills the MX this year, the air force is expected to try again in 1984. Somewhere between the drawing board and deployment, new weapons systems seem to develop an irresistible momentum. They can be delayed, short-changed or re-engineered, even cancelled but, ultimately, the military juggernaut is not denied. Resistance wears down. Existing systems grow obsolete. Later, if not sooner, Congress succumbs.

As a result, many observers think a Reagan defeat now seems not very significant. He can always try again, and, in the interim, hurts the Democrats for failing to keep the United States strong. Besides, getting the MX on hold would likely take the edge off the anti-nuclear firestorm. When the vote for Ronald Reagan, the MX missile may well be like watching a mother-in-law drive a new Cadillac over a cliff—and having the car survive, intact and unscathed, but essentially intact.

With Ken Anderson in Denver.

MX's job: survive attack then hit back—hard

By Val Ross

The Soviet missile spread across the Arctic skies, ultimately bound for the big United States intercontinental ballistic missile base in southeastern Wyoming. Loop-ranger U.S. radar picks up the first blip indicating the penetration of the continent's northeastern defense. Defense authorities attribute accuracy as space-based infrared homing devices and downward-looking satellite target the site of the invading nuclear arsenal. Since Soviet missiles are hot in small nuclear explosions. Others, their debris burning and devastating mechanisms, shown ashore by the attack, sever off course and fall harmlessly to earth. Still others survive, driving their lethal 10-megaton warheads over Canada toward their Wyoming target.

Horrors. On command, long-range Spartan nuclear-armed anti-aircraft missiles (AIM-4) launch up from the airfields of the northern United States to attack near-Soviet missiles into a useless shower of metal powder. Yet a few of the incoming missiles make a successful penetration and are still aloft. They swoop down on the U.S. base with remote accuracy, defoliating their horrendous payloads. Smoke billows, flames erupt. Wyoming is engulfed by a fireball beneath a mushroom cloud 100 km in diameter. Over the days, months and years ahead, radioactive poisoning will cause more than 10 million Americans and a million Canadians to die, maimed, agonized deaths.

For now, only two of the 300 U.S. missile-based drop in a line of super-hardened silos are immobilized by the Soviet attack. The first incoming bombs have thrown up so much debris and created such electromagnetic disturbance that later-arriving missiles are also delayed or even off target.

Hours after the Soviet strike, the

first effects of the blast have subsided. The remaining MX U.S. missiles begin to emerge from their berths beneath the nuclear crater like upturned beets through sizzling ash. Each missile is 25.5 m long, 2.2 m in diameter, its black tip resistant to the heat and radioactive dirt that chokes the sky. The nose cone carries 10 nuclear warheads, each with almost 10 times the might of the Hiroshima bomb. As the 300 MX missiles begin their ascent toward the Soviet Union, to wreak still more irreparable damage to the planet, their flight brings a strange satisfaction to U.S. de-



"Peacekeeper" warhead assembly accuracy to a block

fense planners in their underground bunkers. The past few hours have confirmed the strategy and technical assumptions on which the Americans developed the mammoth "demon pack" base design in the early 1980s.

Horrifying as that scenario is, it is the theoretical basis for the Minuteman (MX) nuclear system that President Ronald Reagan unveiled last week. The proposal would give 300 MXs

into one long, narrow configuration of the design plan. The Wyoming base plan has been revised so far in MX research and design. Apparently, the missile is accurate enough to travel around the globe and hit a specific city block one time out of 10. When it is ready, after operations tests which began last week, the U.S. Congress grants approval—the missile should be able to carry as many as 32 nuclear warheads (although under current arms limitation agreements there can be no more than 10). With 500 kilotons, the individual warheads have been called "city busters." The deadly trip entailed between Wyoming and Soviet targets would take 30 minutes. At that point, the missile's nose cone would aim each warhead at a separate target. Used, to wreak still more irreparable damage to the planet, their flight brings a strange satisfaction to U.S. de-

fense planners. Short of a terrible war, there is no way to confirm the damage made by the MX's capabilities for the victims of a defense pack deployment. In the U.S. Congress the week perhaps the most contentious issue of all was whether the United States even needs the MX. The price alone is formidable. The MX defense pack arrangement will not only cost between \$50 billion and \$100 billion but there will be additional heavy investment for the development of accompanying defense systems—the Spartan interceptors and other hardware such as the futuristic directed-energy weapons (lasers).

There are other contentious assumptions built into the design. U.S. planners believe that by packing 300 missiles together into a long, narrow target strip, aligned on a north-south axis, they will force the Soviets to concentrate their attacks on one narrow "throat tube." Besides, as one defense department official put it, defense pack will "drive them [the Soviets] toward significant [and costly] changes in weapons systems and to consider MX in this mode." The Pentagon believes that it will take the Soviets about 25 years to develop such a system—a period of security that satisfies the missile's proponents. There are no guarantees, of course, that the Soviets will not respond by upgrading their submarine or bomber fleets to attack the fixed-position MXs from the dense pack's 22-km-long miles instead of from the north. After all, as Senator Ernest Hollings (D-S.C.) notes, it is cheaper to defend a weapon's defenses than to develop that weapon. When the Soviets' traditional willingness to meet their defense needs," he adds, "there is little reason to believe they will not meet the MX challenge."

A key part of the challenge is the so-called "frustrate" theory on which the dense pack plan depends. According to the U.S. theory, the first Soviet explosions would render the defenseless enemy bombs incapable of destroying the remaining silos. According to U.S. planners, the attack that would evade or defeat the fast-approaching Soviet missiles would not jeopardize the delayed



MX under construction "city buster"

launch of the retaliatory MX fleet. But, even though frustration is purely speculative—if it failed to occur, the entire fleet of 300s would remain in its underground hole—the Soviets, in order to launch an attack, would have to gamble that frustrate would not work. Or the Soviets could develop earth-penetrating warheads with 25-megaton payloads which, by exploiting underground silos simultaneously at the MX site, would overcome the frustrate factor.

When Russia responds the Soviets develop the dense pack. The Pentagon says plans have drawn a major impetus as a result of the fact that the bulk of "nuclear weapons" is military (largely of a southern Wyoming base will draw the MX missile force, currently spread across the country). The study also notes major scientific and industrial centers. University of Toronto physics and chemistry professor John Polanyi, of the Pacific Northwest Conference group, terms that basic assumption "absolutely stupid."

Meanwhile, each billion-dollar dollar has dogged the MX since its birth in 1974, when then Defense Secretary James Schlesinger called for development of a successor to the Minuteman and Titan generations of missiles. At one point, serious study was given to having the new generation on a fleet of nuclear-powered cruising coastal waters and the Great Lakes. But studies showed that the silos could be unscathed by Soviet bombs creating huge tidal waves. And the Great Lakes could simply be set on fire with bombs, which would kill off an estimated 94 per cent of the Canadian population living east of Winnipeg. At first the Reagan administration preferred an airborne MX base, dubbed "Big Bird." Current Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger has been enthusiastic about dense pack, which he permitted in calling "the pack." But persuasive lobbying, particularly by the air force, won the White House in the cause. More lobbying and successful tests may yet give a dubious Congress in January 1983 permission to expand their branch for the first time in the unaltered aftermath of a nuclear hit. Shortly afterward, the United States Air Force will begin evaluating various site designs for depth, hardness, alignment and general strength.

So the restless 300-day finally gain acceptance and a home. The home-base state of the MX is largely ignored: former Wyoming, mayor Bill Nantzen, contemplating the influx of hundreds of millions of dollars in the local economy and the creation of an estimated 8,000 new jobs, enthused: "I think the MX is going to be great." For citizens, who would not, after all, escape any fallout, there is also the level of technological optics. In the White House, the MX is being promoted as 25 graphite-reinforced plastic parts for the MX's nose cone. Admits Larry Addams, president of the United Auto Workers Local 2189: "We're not happy that it's nuclear arm, but we're happy to get it made. When we think of our own arms and stuff, you've got to take what comes your way."

With William Lawrence in Washington, Jon Mather in London, Eric Mills in Winnipeg.

How to stop worrying and love the bomb

The Canadian government's information booklet on surviving nuclear war is deceptively simple. While it does advise that the best created by a one-megaton bomb blast was less than a foot, it confidently goes on to say that "nothing will provide more protection." In the event of war, says it, "Shops and restaurants in the U.S. citizens should head immediately to their basement bomb shelters or improvise one with mattresses, bookshelves and drawers full of dirt. After that, various pamphlets say, people should concentrate on keeping clean, changing their underwear and following Canada's food rules. "Many of those affected by a [nuclear] disaster will have personal problems," one text reads.

But the booklet suggests ways to minimize those difficulties. They suggest taking along a first-aid kit, shaking off all radioactive dust before entering the fallout shelter and making sure there is a pack of playing cards handy. Your basement fallout shelter (USDO even depicts a happy ending: a well-groomed man strides briskly to the door of his fallout shelter as the radio blares the news that the crisis is over. What it does not show is that when he walks out that door he may well enter a world that bears little resemblance to the one he knew.

Among the shortages that might greet you would be those of electricity, power, heat, tap water, food or medical facilities. Depending on how close his home was to the site of the blast, he might also surface from his shelter to discover his house flattened or gutted by fire, his neighborhood a smoldering ruin, and the burned corpses of his neighbors strewn on the streets. The barren, trodden ground might be covered with long-lasting radioactive dusts capable of sustaining future offspring if the Earth's ozone layer is destroyed, so many scientists expect it would be in the case of large-scale nuclear war, he might also find that the sun's unfettered ultraviolet rays would grill his skin and blind him

within a quarter of an hour.

These are the grim, but well-documented realities of a world after nuclear warfare, but planners in the United States and Canada have chosen to downplay them. In fact, recent moves by the Reagan administration to revitalize civil defense plans were accompanied by official predictions that 50 per cent of the U.S. population could survive an all-out nuclear war. Thomas K. Jones, a Reagan appointee as a deputy undersecretary of defense, suggested to *Los Angeles Times* reporter Robert Scheer that the United States

secretly recognized that things should be rethought. "As in the United States, special provisions were made years ago to shield government leaders from the safety of underground bunkers during a nuclear attack. The logic of these—the 'Dolbenbunker' at Camp David, near Ottawa—is a free-dive, concrete-lined underground shelter. For the prime minister, the governor general and some 500 others devoted resources for the continuity of government. (Scheer says he cannot recall if he is in the list, but that is in Canada has an evacuation program for the public,



Don't shelter! Shake off all the radioactive dust and have a pack of playing cards handy

could recover fully from nuclear war in two to four years. Jones explained, by digging a hole in the ground and plugging dirt on top of a couple of doors. "If there are enough shelves to go around, everyone's going to make it," said Jones. "It's the dirt that does it." Such comments have led critics to charge that the U.S. government wants to replace old fears of nuclear devastation with a new sense that nuclear war can be waged and won. Its plans for revitalizing the civil defense program (backing advice to pack credit cards, a will and some toilet paper among evacuation necessities) have been greeted with scorn by local governments and health officials.

In Canada, civil defense planning "was allowed to atrophy during the 1970s," says William Sturt, head of Emergency Planning Canada. But "it has been sub-

stantly recognized that things should be rethought." As in the United States, special provisions were made years ago to shield government leaders from the safety of underground bunkers during a nuclear attack. The logic of these—the "Dolbenbunker" at Camp David, near Ottawa—is a free-dive, concrete-lined underground shelter. For the prime minister, the governor general and some 500 others devoted resources for the continuity of government. (Scheer says he cannot recall if he is in the list, but that is in Canada has an evacuation program for the public,

—LINDA MORGAN in Toronto, with Julie Van Duyn in Ottawa and David Holmes-Bryce in Toronto.

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air new zealand

A sharp warning for Begin



For five weeks the three commission members sat in the small, draft classroom at the Hebrew University campus in Jerusalem. Before class, as sun's length waned, passed classes of students from Israeli political, military and intelligence elite and ordinary soldiers and civilian representatives of last September's massacre of Palestinians in Beirut. But the testimonies from the likes of Prime Minister Menachem Begin and Defense Minister Ariel Sharon were extraordinary. Finally, in a move that rocked the Israeli establishment last week, the investigators formally warned nine prominent witnesses, including the prime minister, that the evidence placed them in jeopardy. Begin, the commissioners concluded, "may be blamed if the commission determines that the prime minister did not appropriately consider the role to be played by the Lebanese [PLO] forces during the Israeli Defense Forces' entry into West Beirut and ignored the danger of acts of bloodshed in the refugee camps."

The commission's stern warning was

not the only embarrassment the embattled Israeli government faced last week over its dealings with the Palestinians. Relations with Washington—already strained by Begin's cavalier dismissal of President Ronald Reagan's plea for Palestinian self-government in the occupied West Bank—were further

Unless Begin and his ministers can exonerate themselves, they may be blamed for paving the way for the massacre

determined by the detailed disclosure of an Israeli plan to "neutralize" Jordanian influence among West Bank Palestinians and make the area more dependent on Jerusalem. Meanwhile, a meeting of the Palestine Central Council in Damascus raised the prospect of a renewal of the PLO's diplomatic and military assault on Israel's

Begin's typically defiant reaction

hold on the occupied territories.

But it was the judicial inquiry's warning that posed the most serious immediate problem. To issuing its warning, in accordance with an Israeli statute governing such investigations, the commission advised the nine that they had the right to testify again or take legal advice. But the clear implication was that unless they could exonerate themselves they would be blamed for paving the way for the Phalangist slaughter in the Sabra and Shatila camps. Begin's reaction was predictably defiant. One top adviser said that Begin would demand an immediate election if the inquiry finds "even a hint of negligence or wrongdoing on his part," thus effectively going over the commission's head to the Israeli people. Given his current popularity in the polls and the national wariness with growing acquiescence, Begin might win. But the failure of others, named, such as Sharon and Israeli Chief of Staff Rafael Eitan, both of whom have indicated that they would resign if criticized, seemed in doubt.

The commission's concern with Begin was that his avowed ignorance of the massacre was tantamount to nonfulfillment of his duties. But the implied charges against Sharon were deeper. He might be "harnessed," the commission said, if it found that he ignored the danger of Phalangist revenge killings and took no measures to prevent them and if he had failed to order the residents out of the camps as soon as he received reports of the killings.

The reason for the charges against Chief Justice Yitzhak Kahane and his two colleagues have become more and more clear as the testimony has unfolded. Conflicts of evidence ranged over all the key questions: when did Begin learn of the decision to allow the Phalangist militia into the camps, where he is referred to the massacre, what warnings were given to the Israeli cabinet about the Phalangists' mood following the assassination of president-elect Bashir Gemayel, how quickly did Israeli ministers and the army act in the withdrawal of Phalangists after details of the massacre began to emerge?

Publication of the Israeli directive, designed to strengthen the Israeli grip on the West Bank, came as a devastating blow to Begin's defiant defiance, following rejection of the Reagan plan to

permit a further 6,000 Israeli housing units to be built on the West Bank. The secret document instructed civil and military officials to keep up the pressure on "extremist groups" while neutralizing pro-Jordanian groups.

Meanwhile, in Damascus, the PLO moved to re-establish its political clout in the wake of its defeat in Lebanon. A meeting of the Palestine Central Council strongly endorsed the Reagan plan as currently constituted but recommended regrouping of PLO forces in Syria, formal condemnation of terrorism (except in the occupied territories) and a gradual move toward recognition of Israel's right to exist. The package will require further consideration at a meeting of the Palestinian National Council scheduled for January.

But in the regrouping process is suppression between PLO leader Yasser Arafat and Syrian President Hafez al-Assad, who has been at odds since early 1982. Long before the invasion of Lebanon, PLO officials said last week that a new friendship is now imminent. Allowing the PLO to release in Syria would amount to a major reversal of policy by Assad. He has been reluctant to host PLO operations because of fear of inviting Israeli retaliation. But the PLO says that, for the moment, Palestinian guerrillas will restrict themselves to extracting and training.

However, the council's criticism of the Reagan plan, which Speaker Khalil al-Fehaid said, "ignores the right of our people to self-determination," was a blow to Arafat. He had hoped for sufficient flexibility to pursue talks with Jordan's King Hussein, thus threatening Jerusalem with a double twist of the screw: a restoration of the military threat to Israeli's borders coupled with a persuasive diplomatic incentive for Washington, the European Community and moderate Arab states to put pressure on the Reagan government to discuss the self-determination issue. But unless the Reagan administration moves to meet the PLO militants' demands the National Council will probably reject the Reagan plan outright.

The commission's proceedings may drag well into next year, but they could be crucial. In May, President Yehiel Naveh, the head of state and, after Begin, the most popular man in the country, ends his term of office. He has already said that he will consider returning to politics—and many in the opposition believe Begin sees him as a man to give it free, his choice, debilitating internal splits. Naveh could be just the man to persuade even Begin's loyalists that, if the prime minister is adjudged blameless, he must retire from political life.

—DAVID NORTON, with Robin Wright in Damascus and Eric Siler in Jerusalem

JAPAN

Triumph for Tanaka's protégé

Every politician agrees to be prime minister just as all some secretaries aspire to be governors (grand masters). Tanaka Nakano (grand master) Tanaka Nakano once confided in a journalist. Last week the 64-year-old Nakano boosted his three opponents out of the ring with a virtuoso display of political lightning to become leader of Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) and his country's prime minister. In all, he secured 56 per cent of the one million ballots cast by rank-and-file LDP members, overwhelming his nearest opponent by nearly 300,000 votes.

The triumph has been widely predicted. Nakano is a handsome figure—the secret the aging LDP leadership could come to share. A polished orator, he represented a welcome change for LDP supporters dispirited by two years of former prime minister Zenko (Do Nothing) Suzuki's brand of government by bureaucracy. But his policies seem likely to polarize Japanese society—widening divisions between supporters and critics of the country's rearmament program and between em-

ployers and workers. Not only that, but his political debts to the likes of former prime minister Kakuei Tanaka, now on trial for his part in the Lockheed bribery scandal, put Nakano in real danger of the taint of corruption.

Arguably, the real victor of last week's election was Tanaka, who has virtually run the government by remote control for the past four years. Technically disgraced as a suspected criminal and relegated to the position of an independent member of the Diet (parliament), the Shogin in the Darkrooms, as Tanaka is known, commands the legions of the LDP's 30 factions. Diet members are drawn to Tanaka's ranks by the faction's huge financial resources, its access to government and Tanaka's ability to win political patronage and policy decisions for his cronies.

The benefits from an alliance with Tanaka are clearly mutual. While Nakano has achieved his life's ambition, it will clearly do Tanaka no harm to have his protégé in office next year if, as expected, he is found guilty of taking kickbacks as prime minister in 1972 for

LDP leader Nakano: his policies seem likely to polarize Japanese society



the purchase of Lockheed L-41H aircraft. Tanaka can boast the support of Senator Nishida, a key figure in the Lockheed case whose Nakasone has retained in the position of UN secretary-general. And, with Nakasone's endorsement of his recent appointment as world's end, it was clear Tanaka would not suffer from a shortage of powerful allies. No fewer than six of 11 ministers are longtime Tanaka associates, many are also replicated in the Lockheed scandal.

Indeed, Nakasone himself has a close connection with Lockheed. In one of his abrupt changes of allegiance, the new prime minister—known as "weatherman," he oversees, "I enjoy the episode"—joined Tanaka's LDP faction in 1972 and was quickly appointed minister of international trade and industry. In that post, according to Carl Katsuhiko, ex-Lockheed vice-chairman, Nakasone was persuaded by ultraright businessman Yoshio Kodama to change government policy in favor of buying L-41H for the All-Nippon Airways project. Nakasone steadfastly denies the charge, though he did admit in a speech to LDP members last week that he had been "indirect" in the past.

On policy matters, Nakasone has upped the opposition by siding for an improvement in Japan's defenses. His country's recently increased military budget is more than 1.4 per cent of the GNP, and Japan is poised to become the sixth-largest military power in the world and the dominant force in Asia. An ardent anti-communist, Nakasone has long championed revision of the postwar clauses in Japan's postwar constitution. In particular, he wants to restore the country's right to wage war and to legitimize the armed forces.

Nakasone also wants to institute administrative reforms in order to ease the government's massive debt load. However, his opponents recall that his previous attempt in this area, as a member of the Suzuki cabinet, was less than successful.

Some leaders predictably acclaimed Nakasone's triumph, although they doubt his grasp of economics. But leaders of the 45-vote-strong General Council of Trade Unions (Sengo) called for a 300,000-strong demonstration in Tanaka's home community to protest his grip on the economy and the prime minister. As well, they are planning waves of strikes to halt a freeze on public sector pay raises.

Somewhat unexpected, Nakasone is taking an intensive course in conversational English in preparation for future meetings with western leaders. However, it will be on his performance at home that the Japanese and fellow statesmen abroad will judge him.

—PETER MCGILL in Tokyo

ARGENTINA

Exhuming a nightmare

At first it seemed as if there were only a few corpses in the unmarked graves at the Grand Bourg Cemetery, conveniently close to army headquarters at the Campo del Mayo near Buenos Aires. Then, hundreds of unidentified bodies began to appear beneath investigators' shovels, they stacked five-meter-tall mounds of the dead. In the past six weeks more than 1,000 secret graves have been discovered at Grand Bourg and elsewhere, some with the cause of death listed as "military confrontations," others

without notation at all. And last week the pressure on the military junta of Gen. Leopoldo Galtieri to account for the grisly finds took on international proportions when the British foreign ministry revealed that 450 (Indo-)Argentine or Italian were missing in Argentina. More than 200 citizens from Spain, Germany, France and Uruguay have also disappeared. For Galtieri, demands both at home and abroad for explanations about what British Foreign Minister Charles Palmer has called "Argentina's 'long night of death' are becoming impossible to ignore."

The fate of thousands of missing soldiers, the so-called *desaparecidos*, has become a critical issue at a time when the junta is wrestling with a deepening economic crisis.

Recent UN civilian rule Human rights activists charge that between 1975 and 1978 as many as 30,000 people vanished in what has become known as the armed forces' "dirty war" against leftists. And, in the same manner as the regime's failures with the economy and the Falklands conflict, the issue of human rights has touched the lives of most Argentines. The resulting political powder keg threatens to delay or eliminate the junta's deadline for establishing a long-sought system of democratic rule by early 1984.

Human rights has become a respectable issue in Argentina after years of studied indifference, with only the "Mad Mothers" of the disappeared making their weekly march in Buenos

Aires. In October a Roman Catholic bishops' conference issued a five-page document that condemned what it called institutional violence and kidnapping. At the same time, the Centre for Legal and Social Studies (CELS), a human rights organization, launched inquiries into the disappearance of 7,500 people, including 144 children. CELS attributed the mass graves at Grand Bourg, Salvador and Mercedes, where one Norberto's body was dug up there, share in the outrage.

"Now, the nightmare is over, but a new



Gen. Leopoldo Galtieri, meeting with the Brazilian

one has begun for us," murmured Salvador Galtieri, echoing the sentiments of thousands of bereaved parents.

The army faces the same prospect, but so far no consensus has emerged on a response to the public furor. Gen. Antonio Domingo Basso, far from a public apologist, has had senior members of cabinet with exotic names such as the White Salome and the Zodiac, advocate an immediate and total purge of all military leaders. Caught between these views, Galtieri has pragmatically ordered investigations into individual disappearances while sidestepping the larger issue.

While the public debate indicates a gradual softening in military rule, a number of recent incidents have back-

ed up the dark moments of the dirty war. In October Buenos Aires executive Marcelo Dupont was found dead, his skull crushed. The discovery followed public testimony by Dupont's brother, Graciano, linking former army commander Rafael Massera with the 1972 death of Eusebio Luján, an Argentine diplomat. Luján was killed after reporting to his superiors an corruption inside the army. Shortly after the Dupont case became big news the junta clamped down on the media, banning all coverage of human rights issues. Meanwhile, the disappearance issue dampens the junta's attempt to reach an agreement with civilian politicians on the military's place under democratic rule. Clearly forcing a purge of

senior officers that settling the disappearance issue must come first. "I believe the armed forces must explain to the country why these people were killed," But Perónist leader Edelmiro Barón says Galtieri can only widen the shame in a deeply wounded society.

"What I lose sleep over is how we are going to end the hate." With that question still unresolved, world attention turned last week to yet another potentially explosive development—Argentina's new aircraft. Ships carrying new Boeing 707s and Super Hercules fighters jets similar to those used in the Falklands War are now en route to Argentina. Not only that, but four frigates for the Argentine navy are nearing completion in Hamburg, Gries-



Growing families at Grand Bourg Cemetery reexamining the darkest moments

military commanders, the junta has argued for a guarantee that the military will remain intact after 1984. During a national radio broadcast last month a junta spokesman declared, "This Argentine nation finds itself at a crossroads, with one way leading to a renewed republic and a great future and the other to a country plunged into stark confusion."

Civilian politicians are unanimous in their suspicions of such a second but they are far from united on how to respond. Perónist Angel Roldán worries that the military will demand a power-sharing agreement, in contradiction to their pledge to restore the constitutional supremacy of the legislature. Arturo Frondisi, leader of the Movement for Integration and Develop-

ment, accuses the military of being the purchaser of the 450 British Hercules fighters and \$100 million foreign debt on offer of rearmament. But more intriguing was the military's plan for the hardware. One theory is that Argentina wants to take three disputed islands in the South Channel, now controlled by Chile. Another theory is that the parliament is only a pretense to an entirely new assault on the Falklands.

But instead of warring in causing most of the neo-searching in Argentina. The junta and civilian politicians have both expounded the public will to restore democracy, but they must first try to rest the ghosts of the disappeared.

—JAMES MCDONNELL, with James Nolan in Buenos Aires and Mary Helen Spencer in Santiago

THE UNITED STATES

Social security on the brink

When the US Congress voted in 1973 to raise social security taxes by \$427 million, Americans were repeatedly assured that the system, which protects 36 million retirees, would be saved until the year 2018. This week, as the 97th Congress begins its first, long dark session, it will confront the bitter truth that the United States' treasured social security system is all but bankrupt. The government's three trust funds (only pay out \$46 billion more than they collect from payroll taxes. If nothing is done, a bipartisan commission reported last month, the system's deficit will swell to at least \$150 billion by the end of the decade. In 2042 alone the Social Security Administration paid out more than \$190 billion in retirement, disability and hospital insurance benefits. That figure represents more than one-quarter of the entire federal budget, an amount only 12 per cent a generation ago. "To put this matter bluntly," wrote former commerce secretary Peter F. Dinkens recently, "social security is heading for a crash."

The causes of this imminent disaster are easy to pinpoint. In 1978 a generous Congress decided to link benefits to the consumer price index so that retirees could keep pace with inflation. But the city's concave-up retirement benefits for the 200 million American workers paying into the benefits pool. Congress has also raised payments for newly retired workers by almost 50 per cent over the past 15 years. The system's hospital insurance outlays have skyrocketed with soaring health care costs. And many workers are retiring early and living longer. The current revision, with more than 11 million unemployed, has only aggravated the drain on social security resources.

Last month one of the system's trust funds tearfully borrowed money from another to meet the benefit payroll, and such interfund borrowing is likely to continue for months, or even years, until corrective surgery is undertaken. Let alone the patient's condition is finally gone, any number of measures could save it. The real problem, as economist Alan Greenspan, chairman of the president's advisory commission, confessed recently, is that each of the proposed solutions carries its own risks. Let alone the patient's condition is finally gone, any number of measures could save it. The real problem, as economist Alan Greenspan, chairman of the president's advisory commission, confessed recently, is that each of the proposed solutions carries its own risks. Let alone the patient's condition is finally gone, any number of measures could save it. The real problem, as economist Alan Greenspan, chairman of the president's advisory commission, confessed recently, is that each of the proposed solutions carries its own risks.

For example, by the single up-and-

of advancing the date of already scheduled payroll tax increases, the system might quickly raise \$17 billion. But President Ronald Reagan and the Republicans are firmly against tax hikes of this kind. And, according to Senator William Armstrong (R-Ore.), such a plan would also cost an estimated two million jobs—hardly a remedy for the sagging economy.

Another possible solution would be to defer cost-of-living increases or limit their adjustment to a fixed percentage of the cost. But Democrats, who used the threat of social security cutbacks to good political effect in the November elections, are loath to reduce income for elderly Americans.

Meeting last month, the 10-member Greenpan commission (with eight Republicans and seven Democrats) offered a compromise package of reforms that included both options. It also suggested some ideas for restoring the system's long-term health, because of the aging baby-boom generation and a lower birthrate, would otherwise face a \$1.6-trillion deficit by 2030.

By seeking concessions from Republicans on payroll taxes and increases



Stately politicians: partisan political fray

TO LIVE
WE NEED
MORE
NOT LESS
SOCIAL
SECURITY!



Stately politicians: partisan political fray

from Democrats on curbing benefits, the Greenpan commission is essentially trying to get the social security system above the intensely partisan political fray. Whether or not it succeeds, however, will depend not on that noble intent but on the reactions of Reagan and House Speaker Thomas (Tip) O'Neill.

higher payroll taxes. "I don't think there's very much more room for raising taxes," he said recently. The pincer, however, suggests that there is some room, and the likelihood now is that—with a little give on both sides—social security will be reformed before next summer's recess.

—MICHAEL FORSTER in Washington

There are already some signs that the Democrats are prepared to cut a deal. The House ways and means committee will hold hearings this fall with the express goal of bringing legislation to the floor by spring. O'Neill, who has told friends that this will be his last term in the House, is thought to want to cap his career by "saving" social security.

The president's intentions are more difficult to read. On the one hand, the White House knows that Republican fortunes in November were badly hurt by fears that current recipients would be asked to make sacrifices to save the system. Congress strategists will want this issue removed from the political equation before the 1984 presidential campaign begins. On the other hand, Reagan philosophically despises the very idea of higher payroll taxes. "I don't think there's very much more room for raising taxes," he said recently. The pincer, however, suggests that there is some room, and the likelihood now is that—with a little give on both sides—social security will be reformed before next summer's recess.

—MICHAEL FORSTER in Washington

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Trying to control protectionism's tide

By John Hay and Ivan Gaunt

The invitations indicated that the event would be pleasant enough. It was intended as an 8 a.m. gathering for key officials attending a special session of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) that would feature 40 minutes of Lake Geneva scenery and Swiss cuisine. But when a puffily-eyed Allan MacEachern, Canada's external affairs minister and the session's extreme chairman, did not emerge from Friday's breakfast until 4 p.m., hopes that the talks would be able to stop the trend toward a crippling international trade war rapidly began to fade.

Indeed, many observers viewed the efforts to stem the growing tide of worldwide protectionism as doomed from the start. The major problem, even before the Geneva meetings began last week, the United States and the European Economic Community (EEC) had solidly backed themselves into opposing corners. The United States demanded decreased protectionism and an end to export subsidies, while the EEC—and France in particular—argued that the trade wars are needed to insulate their economies from the effects of an economic slowdown in the United States and other countries. "There are certain



Maltese farm workers: need for trade waits

problems that people don't see eye to eye on, that's for sure," a weary MacEachern said last Friday. "We wouldn't have spent eight hours together if they did."

No matter depends more heavily on free and expanding trade for its economic well-being than Canada—and

none is more threatened by protectionism. Out of every \$10 of Canada's gross national product, nearly \$3 is earned from exports. (The comparable figure for the United States, by contrast, is \$5 cents for every \$10.) At the same time, exports directly provide almost 1.2 million jobs. They also account for about 70 per cent of the output in the transportation equipment industry, 60 per cent in the paper and related industries, 55 per cent in machinery and primary metal and 50 per cent in the wood industries. Not only that, but Canada has succeeded in running up a trade surplus every month since late 1979. Even though rates in the rest of the world have remained at about last year's levels, falling exports (a direct result of the deepening recession) are leading to a 1982 export surplus that may hit a record for the third straight year.

But the twin perils of world recession and protectionism have left Canadian trade officials distinctly pessimistic about the future of international trade. A confidential government document, the basis for a policy paper on trade due to be published sometime next year, asserts that "the immediate economic prospects offer little room for optimism." The official study adds that "an early return to

the rapid growth experienced in the 1960s is unlikely."

Protectionism has raised doubts about GATT's very ability to mitigate the "rule of the jungle" in trade relations, that is, its ability to defend smaller countries against the devastating power of the trading giants. Worse, the Ottawa document, "A major issue for the 1980s will be whether or not the GATT can be adapted to meet this challenge. In the absence of a GATT-like trade instrument, Canada would be left to deal with the big powers one at a time."

That concern forced the Canadian negotiators at GATT to take positions more by necessity than by choice. One of the Canadian aims was to draw the growing array of "sanitary" import barriers into the territory of GATT rules. Known as safeguards, those measures are designed to protect domestic industries from foreign competition. The barriers are now being erected by most industrial countries that are signatories of the provisions of GATT, and they effectively shrink trade volumes. To that end, Ottawa and Washington have forced Japan into making "voluntary" commitments to restrain car exports to North America. Still, Canada contends that there is less chance of small countries being victimized by large ones if such safeguards are applied only under GATT guidelines and are open to GATT oversight.

Canada also sought to breathe life into the GATT procedures for settling trade disputes. Currently, parties to a dispute can take the issue to a GATT panel for judgment. But Canadian officials complain that the panels too often are incompetently manned and take too long to reach decisions. Moreover, GATT has no means of enforcing a decision it has rendered. In one such case, a panel ruled that the United States breached GATT limits when it allowed U.S. firms to establish domestic international sales corporations (ISCs), which enjoy a big tax break as export income. It contended that, in effect, ISCs are straight export subsidies which clearly infringe on GATT rules. But Washington has still not changed its ISC law to meet GATT's objectives.

Canada also had other objectives going into the talks. Among them:

- The opening of talks on reducing export subsidies for agricultural products. This year alone the EEC has budgeted \$25.5 billion for farm subsidies, \$6.5 billion of that for exports. Such largesse has made the EEC a net exporter of wheat, barley, sugar and beef. As well, the subsidies stifle access to the EEC food market itself and shoulder other exporters (especially Australia and the United States) out of their traditional third-country markets. Washington has

threatened to launch retaliatory subsidies of its own if the EEC does not desist—starting a costly trade war and catching Canadian farmers in the cross fire.

- Alert GATT members that Canada wants fisheries products eventually be covered by GATT's free-trade provisions, along with better access to foreign countries for such key exports as processed minerals, petrochemicals and metal and forest products.

- Integrate developing countries more fully into the GATT system. Poor countries complain that many of their com-

ports—textiles, shoes and many commodities—face artificial barriers in rich countries. Washington, on the other hand, wants at least the better off poor countries to dismantle some of their own trade and investment barriers. All of the restricted areas are multilateral issues with no quick solution.

The darkest period in international trade occurred between 1913 and 1948. Then, the volume of international commerce grew at the paltry rate of less than one per cent a year. After the Second World War, however, largely as a result of the world financing and trade

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reformers initiated by Britain's John Maynard Keynes and then U.S. Treasury Secretary Harry Dexter White, the GATT was forced to provide the industrial nations with open international markets. The outcome exceeded the hopes of even the most ardent free-trade apostles. Between 1948, when the GATT rules took full effect, and the oil crisis of 1973, international trade expanded by a staggering seven per cent a year, outstripping the growth rate in the world's total industrial and agricultural output. But the slowdown caused by catastrophically high energy prices, combined with a growing flood of cheap exports from low-wage developing states—which the system was never designed to accommodate—brought the heady era of expansion to an abrupt end. The year total world trade grew by less than one per cent.

Though the GATT negotiators were unable to reach any significant accord on many specific problems, there was a clear agreement on the essential irreversibility of the world's economic progress. As a recent study by the GATT staff concluded, the entire globe faces "what is, in most respects, the worst economic situation since the 1890s." Even in the wealthy Western countries, unemployment now averages more than eight per cent (in a record 12.1 per cent in Canada). World production is stagnant, with output of oil and metals actually declining. As a result, world trade is also stagnant, and by some measures it is falling. Last year, for the first time since 1934, the value of total world trade declined from the previous year. The GATT report finds no evidence of improvement this year.

Understandably, these frightening developments have prompted many measures of the Great Depression of the 1930s and especially of the competitive protectionism that throttled production and employment virtually everywhere. Without foreign markets a trading country cannot produce and employ its workers. Without production it cannot afford to import the products of other countries.

As a haunting lesson in the effects of protectionism, the GATT study cites the U.S. Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of 1930—a high-trade barrier against which U.S. trading partners promptly retaliated, opening the vicious trade war of the 1930s. As a result, many U.S. companies and farmers dependent on exports lost their incomes and could not repay their bank debts. In turn, many of the banks themselves collapsed.

A similar peril now hangs over the world's banks as a much vaster scale, as entire countries teeter on the brink of defaulting on their loans, with some nations already virtually bankrupt. The less developed countries of the world

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now owe a staggering \$900 billion (U.S. dollars) to banks in the industrial countries. During the commodity boom of the 1970s, borrower countries assumed that their exports would pay for their loans. But, while interest charges have ballooned, commodity prices have barely risen over 10%. In the end, that followed, now-defunct-poor countries now up a staggering combined trade deficit of roughly \$50 billion. Now, they can afford neither their debt charges nor the goods and services they would otherwise import from the rich industrial countries. Making their plight still worse—and more dangerous for everyone else—is the proliferation of devices being used by rich countries to keep out imports from the poor.

Indeed, every government is defying the pressure for greater protection from domestic labor and businesses currently railing for more behind tariffs, quotas and so-called "voluntary restraint" agreements with foreign exporters. In the United States even the philosophical free traders of the Reagan administration are bailing the political herd. Said U.S. Trade Representative William Brock last week: "Protection, unemployment, a huge and growing trade deficit and increasing frustration with unfair trade barriers have brought the political coalition necessary to preserve an open American market to the verge of collapse."

Like all markets, trade wars have their winners. The U.S. has almost become a shelter, replaced by more complicated weaponry. In part, that is a tribute to the tariff-cutting success of the Tokyo Round of GATT negotiations, which concluded in 1979. In Canada, some 90 percent of all imports last year entered the country duty-free. With progressive tariff cuts built into the GATT pact, the proportion of tariff-free trade into Canada could reach roughly 90 per cent by 1987—when the Tokyo Round cuts take full effect.

At the same time, however, governments have been infinitely more inventive in designing non-tariff barriers that have similar effects. For one thing, they can make use of the safeguards provided under GATT, ostensibly to protect countries to protect themselves against unfair trade. In order to protect production and marketing Canada, for one, has imposed limits on footwear imports. The GATT treaty also provides for export limits to be negotiated with textile ex-

porters under the Multifiber Arrangement. MFAs negotiations are always nasty, however, because they pit relatively weak poor-nation producers against rich and powerful importers. The outcome is always skewed by the producing countries, and the MFAs have become one of the chief grievances of the less-developed countries seeking more access to markets. Like other importers, Canada insists that the MFAs protect its uncompetitive domestic textile industry.

There is also a variety of trade barriers created without GATT approval. And both the United States and Canada

export subsidies. These subsidies not only enable our farmers to sell more cheaply against the competition but they also encourage U.S. farmers to flood world markets with surplus production—which drives prices down further.

On top of that, there is a traditional guerrilla tactic of protectionist bureaucrats: harassment. And the Japanese, who for years have used an impenetrable web of rules and regulations to turn away imports, have recently run into a similar French version of obstructionism.

France has ordered that the hundreds of thousands of videotape recorders coming into the country, mainly from Japan, must all pass through the tiny customs house in the inland city of Fontenay (one of a battle between the Maclean Sisters and France's Charles de Gaulle in A.D. 1953)—100 km from the sea and manned by just four customs officers. Nobody who has tried to export to the Japanese is feeling much sympathy for them, although Hiroshi pleaded in full-page newspaper ads that "We are not Surrender." (Faced with a possible legal challenge in the European Court, France lifted last week that the restrictions may be

lifted on Jan. 1.) But, in the end, the fate of the GATT negotiations lies with Brock and an unofficial delegation of 10 U.S. congressmen. If they return to Washington unable to convince Congress that the trading war is unworkable, it is unlikely that the United States will be restrained from launching a highly restrictive trade program. Said Georgia Senator Mark Hatfield: "I will meet fire with fire."

Mattingly is threatening to launch a bill to subsidize the sale of the \$5-billion U.S. milk surplus. While some EEC members, who see the Soviet Union as the primary beneficiary of cheap U.S. milk, call the move a bluff, the U.S. government claims that its interest in Soviet milk has, in fact, promised to aid allies—such as New Zealand—who would be hurt by the dumping. If Mattingly and other succeed in launching a U.S. trade battle, no country—including Canada—will survive unscathed.

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GATT primary session, quay members of the 1980s revised

have resorted to them. When its own
own industry was threatened, Washington
unilaterally imposed "voluntary"
restraints on its exports to the United
States. Canada, worried that it would be
swamped in a spill-over from the con-
trolled U.S. market, then reached a re-
straint agreement as well, providing a
clear example of protectionism beget-
ting still more protectionism.

That was not all. Because the U.S.
auto industry is mired in recession, leg-
islation has been introduced in Con-
gress requiring vehicle imports to con-
tain 90-per-cent U.S. content. Sources say the bill
has 250 sponsors in the 435-member House
of Representatives. Brock calls it "probably
the worst piece of economic
legislation to have a
chance at passage in 50
years." Still, it provides
Brock with a convenient
stick to wave when he de-
mands that the U.S. gov-
ernment drop its own
protectionist policies.
Among Brock's leading
targets are the U.S.'s farm

Maclean's wary



A strategy for the 1980s

By Peter C. Newman

There's an interesting new wrinkle in the increasingly desperate quest by investors to find a sensible, recession-proof policy for long-term financial considerations. Called Third Wave investing, this specialized area is quickly winning converts disillusioned with prospects of the "snake-eat-the-scorpion" companies, even the stock market's reinstatement.

The idea is a steal from futurist Alvin Toffler's notion that, while the original agricultural revolution first prompted man to leave being nomadic and the second, industrial revolution produced our mechanized civilization, the third—technological—revolution, now upon us, is altering drastically the way we live. As well as the conquest of space, biological breakthroughs, the mixing of genes, and exponential growth in computer technology, Toffler identifies specific clusters of related industries (genetic engineering and laser technology, for example) as the basis of his Third Wave theory.

The leading proponent of this new investment philosophy in Canada is probably Geoffrey Kirkland, the recently appointed manager of corporate finance for Bell Canada, a midlevel Toronto brokerage house which has never shied away from breaking tradition.

A British-born chartered accountant, Kirkland is a graduate of the Slater Walker empire and later was head of the national in Jannock Corp. Now back in the investment business, he is a confirmed Third Wave advocate. (Paul Solyk, an associate from Kirkland's Jannock days, is helping him exploit the idea.) "I have people calling me every day when I'm out of the office doing something exotic," says Kirkland. "And their businesses are going the wilder, but they're on the verge of bankruptcy. The missing factor is adequate financing. The risks are too big to invest in any one big-tech situation by itself because it's very difficult to pinpoint their precise potential, the best approach is to buy a portfolio representing several of the more interesting new ventures now moving into production."

A typical private share offering in Kirkland's current \$1-billion fund of Technostock Inc., a worldwide high-tech manufacturer launched three years ago. The company is the brainchild of John Gray, 36, a New Zealand metallurgical engineer, formerly manager of computing technology equip-

ment at Bell Northern Research, Brett Marquess, 34, another Bell Northern graduate who holds an M.Sc. in computing sciences from Queen's University, and Douglas Gibson, 32, an Alberta-born chartered accountant. The trio are taking out salaries that jointly total only \$80,000 during the firm's development stages. Their future is tied up with a machine greedily called the Copernicus 888, which, in the jargon of the trade, is described as "the first color



Kirkland: "Business like wildlife"

graphics computer for computer and communication network performance measurement, capacity planning and modeling." Whatever that means, the trio predicts that its machine has a sales potential of \$1 billion—using a modest three-per-cent penetration of the available market over the next five years. So far, Technostock has sold only two units to M. Loeb, Ltd. in Ottawa and Storage Technology of Canada in Toronto and has commitments from Texas Canada and Xerox. A year from now Technostock Inc. could be on the

way to becoming a major company—or its stock could be worthless.

Canada is a leader in Third Wave innovations, but firms involved have been held back by lack of money. Since 1973 only nine advanced technology companies have successfully listed their shares on Canadian stock exchanges with Mital Corp., Lamson Inc. and Ganda/ Technologies Inc. challenges up the most impressive gains.

Because most of the companies in the field are based on the brain wave of one dominant individual, they are fairly modest operations with initial financing usually handled through private placements. But a growing trend is to organize widely held investment funds with a dozen or so Third Wave participants in their portfolio. Technostock International (a consortium of 12 Canadian institutional investors) was only in the field. It was followed by Invesco Investments, which has sunk \$48 million into 24 new companies. North American Venture Fund (headed by 19 Canadian financial and industrial companies, including two) and Ryer Management Corp. (which combines the technical know-how of Mital's Michael Cowland with the financial independence of Gerald Black) are some of the more interesting recent Third Wave entrants.

Canada's share of this potential bonanza will depend on how fast the 60 or so companies currently on the verge of significant breakthroughs can develop their markets. There is talk of a new generation of computers that will multiply the memory capacity of microchips by a factor of five and increase processing speeds by multiples of 10 (only a couple of decades ago, computers with capabilities roughly equivalent to the models that shoppers now carry home from local Radio Shacks were so cumbersome they had to be installed in air-conditioned rooms with reinforced floors).

There seem to be few limits in the size of future markets. Canada's personal computer sales, for example, have been forecast to grow from \$200 million to \$3 billion during the next 30 months. "By the end of the 1980s," Kirkland predicts, "high tech will have reached a worldwide sales volume of between \$200 billion and \$400 billion, exceeding all other industries except steel, automobiles and chemicals."

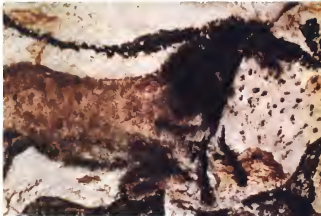
Kirkland has a vision of Canada's future, and it's not built around automobiles.



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(From left) Phillips, Pickett, Holoway, Duplisse and Isaac: The championship winners

SPORTS

The difference a year makes

It was an emotional Canadagra Holoway who accepted the Schenley Award last week as the most outstanding player for 1985 in the Canadian Football League. Holoway's acceptance demonstrated just how quickly things can change in one CFL season. Not only was Holoway's experience dramatic, but so was the reversal of form by the team that he quarterbacked—the Toronto Argonauts.

After six years of sharing the quarterbacking duties of the Ottawa Rough Riders, the 29-year-old from Blountville, Ala., was traded to the Argos before the start of last season. He took over the helm of a terrible team that struggled to win two and 24 losses in 1984, in a season reflective of its abilities. As recently as the beginning of this season, Holoway's status, even with the Argos, was anything but secure. The club's lack of confidence was underlined by the acquisition of two quarterbacks in the off-season. But both were soon injured, Holoway, far from, was not, and the Toronto furry tale began. At week's end Holoway was leading the Schenley and the Argos were the eastern champions, about to play Edmonton in the Grey Cup.

The Argos had not been in the Cup since 1971, had not won it since 1932, and no Argos had won the Schenley trophy since 1968. The tradition was shaken this year thanks to Holoway's mastery of a new run-and-shoot offense and a rejuvenated defence led by Schenley defensive player of the year, running back Doug Flutie. (He lost out to Edmonton's Ed Stinson last week.)

Parley) But it was the humble Holoway who turned the Argos around, completing 299 of 507 passes for 4,692 yards and 31 touchdowns.

The much maligned Eastern Conference, presently the weak sister in the CFL, took fear of the five awards. One surprised winner was Chris Isaac, selected as the league's top rookie. Like most observers, he thought the rookie award would go to B.C. Lion wide receiver Merv Fernandez. Instead, Isaac has Holoway's old job in Ottawa. His teammate, guard Rudy Phillips, was named the outstanding offensive lineman. The Canadian-born player of the year was quarterback Rudy Duplisse of the Hamilton Tiger-Cats.

As Holoway and the Argos demonstrated the potential nature of the CFL, the league last week outlined a tentative plan for a dispersal draft to stock the proposed Atlantic franchise scheduled to join the league in 1987. The new existing teams would protect only 16 of 12 Canadian and 16 of 18 Canadian, including one quarterback. The new Atlantic Seaboard could take as many as four starting players (two American and two Canadian) from each team, which would give the newcomers a squad perhaps as good as last year's Argos or this year's Montreal Concordes. If the Seaboard gets a stadium and the team does join the CFL, fans in the Halifax-Dartmouth area may not have the chance to suffer the Toronto angst of waiting decades for a shot at the Cup or 14 years for a Schenley outstanding player winner.

—HAL QUINN in Toronto

Pulling the cord on a championship

Two months after their final formation jump, the 30 members of the 1979 gold medal-winning Canadian Parachute Team are still in the midst of international skydiving action. Last week in Ottawa, the Canadian Sport Parachuting Association announced its decision to hold an international parachuting meet in Chatham, Alta., next August as an alternative to the official 1985 World Team Parachuting Championships scheduled to take place in South Africa in July. "We had no choice," said William Knott, sport prospects officer for the CSPA, from Antioch, Alta., last week. "The federal government forbids Canadian athletes from competing against South Africa, and we abide by their decision."

Faced with the prospect of a year without major international competition for a team already going up to win back the World Championship title lost by two points to the United States last year, the CSPA decided to stage its own competition. And it invited the 46 countries that belong to the sport's governing body, the Committee Internationale de Parachutisme (CIP). "The response was overwhelming and totally unexpected," says Knott. Already 37 countries have responded favorably to the Canadian proposal. Many athletes are waiting to see if the Canadians will obtain official sanction from the CIP at its

A modest tournament in Alberta threatens to upstage the world parachuting championships in South Africa

annual meeting in January in Copenhagen. With only five European teams having committed themselves to participate in the World Team Championships, South Africa's reaction to the Canadian plan was predictable. In a letter to the CIPA's chairman of the competition committee, Richard Bennett, the South African delegate to the CIP, Richard Charter, accused the CIPA of being "unpopular." "We had rather a shake-up over the issue," says Knott.

Still, the CIPA is quick to point out that the purpose of offering a Canadian international competition was not to outstage the South Africans. "We just want to be able to compete," says Knott. "The Canadian Parachute Team is at the top and we want to stay there." Until, of course, it's time to jump.

—SHEILA McKEE in Toronto

PHOTOGRAPHY

Proof that a camera may sometimes lie

At the age of 56 Around Maggs is producing the kind of daring, experimental photographs that might suggest the boldness of youth to conventional minds. But those strange and difficult pictures also reveal the sort of purposefulness and discipline necessary over a highly deliberate lifetime. In that span Maggs has been a graphic designer, illustrator, commercial photographer, art student, registrar and one of Canada's most distinctive and original camera artists.



Conveyed by Maggs: a grand and fascinating process

The current exhibition of new pictures at Toronto's Jesse Cougle Gallery is as varied as it is. Portrait studies, first shown in 1978, last show Maggs arranged 38 pairs of unrefined portraits in four horizontal rows. He alternately depicted frontal and profile views in the unrefined and somewhat disorienting style of mag shots. This time he curves the sitters (mostly painters, writers and other photographers) and arranges 48 black-and-white frames of each, again frontal and profile, in eight horizontal rows on a 60-by-30-m. wooden shelf. In simply giving names to the faces, however, Maggs does not reveal their characters. Young David's pensive face, novelist Graham Gibson's smile and the etherealistic trident that artist Dennis Barlow wears around his neck do not necessarily illuminate their personalities. Separately,

the single frames could be portraits—and some striking ones at that. Together, in precisely ordered and complex grids, they portray no particular person, but an abstract and universal idea. What Maggs draws attention to is grand and fascinating—the process of photography itself.

Maggs is most cerebral and conceptual than traditional portraitists, even in depicting people into the lives of the famous he draws emotional involvement. A first look at the shots of graphic designer These Dumas shows a glamorous and worldly man, but that is just a guess inspired by his handsome hat. After a longer examination all that emerges is a man having his picture taken, now being asked to face the camera, now being asked to look away.

For each of his subjects Maggs presents four rolls of film, complete and in the exact order they were taken. The relentless technique could be expected to expose raw, unedited truth. However, the camera may lie. The photographer's thought appears and is not what is seen. At 47 and 48 frames, but once in apparent jelly. That is enough to indicate that perhaps no photographic image is authoritative and accurate enough to be taken as "the real picture of an individual's nature. Thus, what first appears to be a kind of photography worth provision to the viewer a splendiferous tension between an urge both to trust and disbelieve.

Tension or thrill of any kind have been rarely lacking in this fall's photographic season in Toronto. In these demanding trend photographs on gallery walls—such a captivating and novel sight in the 1970s—must now survive vibrant and more sophisticated excitement. The exhibition of Around Maggs's work art only stands up to scrutiny but also makes jaundiced and carved eyes open wide.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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The nuclear bus shelter

Were it not for the sounds of wind and the audible air ducts which rise like periscope out of the ground, there would be little hint that four retired school buses were buried in a field 80 km northwest of Toronto. But the buses set as an ideal example of what for what will likely be the largest private bomb shelter in Canada. When finished, Toronto Nuclear Survival City will sprawl over 7,000 square feet through the insides of 38 buses.

The location is ideal. Nestled on a hill 40 km north of Oshawa, Ontario—one of the highest points in Ontario—the shelter would be impervious to a nuclear blast in Toronto. It is also well concealed from the eyes of non-survivors. For added protection, more than 150 tonnes of concrete, 5,000 sandbags and as much as three metres of earth surround the buses. In the event of a nuclear war, more than 100 survivors could be snugly tucked away in the site.

Work on this \$2.5-million shelter began last April, with most of the funds provided by group founder Bruce Beach.



Beach: His hunt for paying survivors

As shelter "commander," Beach, a 48-year-old American and a former radical defense officer with the federal Emergency Measures Organization, is trying to attract paying would-be survivors to help complete the project. For the past eight months Beach has been

running a newspaper advertisement, offering "reserved seats" on the buried buses for \$300 a year. Already, 35 people, including a number with families, have replied. "Millions will survive a nuclear doomsday whether they have a fallout shelter or not," explains Beach. "It's doomsday, doomsday, and doomsday we have to worry about." To that end, the survival city has a supply of food, including such items as wheat, honey, powdered milk and potatoes, that will feed the group for two years. A 3,700-l. tank fed by an underground spring will supply water. Medical supplies, radiation detectors and defensive weapons brought along by the members will stock the activity and armory rooms. And until the shelter reaches capacity, Beach insists that nonmembers will not be turned away.

Missing, though, is the manpower that the community will require. As a result, Beach's group maintains a price temporarily higher than its survivalist cousins. The 20 members of the group now include a nurse, several engineers, a military arms instructor and a teacher, but there is room for 80 others with more diverse skills. Says the group's secretary, Wif Olin: "We're still looking for doctors, a nutritionist, biologists and a good amateur astronomer."

—ALAN JAMES MAYOR in Toronto

MUSIC

Musicians at the controls

For the past several years, the home-recorded cassette has been the bane of the North American record industry. In despair over plummeting record sales, the industry has publicly fingered enemy number 1: the home pirate. However, in recent months private home tape machines have been working overtime across Toronto producing hundreds of entirely legal cassettes. Taking their cue from British musicians, more than 60 Toronto bands have bypassed the recording business rap altogether by taping their original music on inexpensive cassettes and selling them to the public. While their product poses as immediate threat to the major record labels, such enterprising bands as Overstanding and The Rheocaster have proved that there is more than one route into the stores.

The music is as unconventional as the approach, running the gamut from new wave to cerebral electronics. And, while these musicians are without recording



Hoffman and the Record Peddler: more than one route into the record stores

contracts, they are also happily unaffected by the guidelines that once bound the traditional record company. "The big record companies are very conservative," says Chris Devash, an electronic artist who has already distributed 30 of his own tapes.

"This allows me complete artistic control from the original idea to the packaging." Such autonomy offers endless opportunities to experiment. One tape artist, Steve Sweeney of Sounds Occasional, plays with sound distortion, re-recording it store servers. Bruce

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PM of *Dis Road* interweaves the music with bits of conversation, artificially created wins and waterfalls of effects. And Nick Swank, a Toronto percussionist, has put together a sampler of music and interviews called *Oral-Vital Swank*, a cassette version of his music magazine, *Swank II*.

While the Canadian audience for these highly personalized tapes may not yet rival that in Britain—where there is already a magazine devoted to the trend—Toronto musicians have developed a large following. Ben Hoffman, owner of Toronto's *Harold Records*, displays an array of 40 independently produced tapes at a time as well as distributing the work of bands such as *The Young Lions* to record stores across the country. While it is rare for Hoffman to sell more than 200 copies of any tape, his selection is gaining a reputation. "People come in from Buffalo and Detroit to buy one of everything," says Catherine McEwen, the store's manager. "The scene for this kind of music is smaller in their cities, and they take an active interest in what's going on here."

Like the music itself, the methods of reproducing the sound vary widely, depending on the size of the artist's pocketbook. Some are restricted to the home tape deck, others manage the 800-hour price tag for professional recording facilities. The most popular tool in this cottage industry has been the *Portastudio*, a lightweight unit which both mixes and records sounds and rents for as little as \$20 a day. In turn, this saving is passed on to the buyer, who pays \$2 or \$4 instead of \$8 to \$15 for a commercially produced tape. Says local broadcaster *Tim Keefe*: "It's maximum quality for maximum investment."

Keefe, having recognized the potential of independently produced music, has been arranging weekly meetings for artists to discuss various technical problems and share ideas about distribution and promotion. In addition, he and others are planning to publish an artist-controlled, non-profit catalogue this winter, offering a wide selection of tapes to retail outlets.

For their part, the record companies are aware of the independents but show no real concern. "It's true that cassette sales are growing, and I think it is all very healthy," says Don Williams, vice-president of *Atco Records*. "Still, we certainly couldn't survive with an artist who only sells 200 copies." Whether these cassettes will eventually become a fixture in major record stores remains to be seen. For the moment the victory belongs to artists like Chris Devall, who have found a way to get their music to their audience. Says Devall: "It lets people hear the music I want them to hear. There is no compromise." —SUSAN GRIMLEY

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Outward Bound



CONSUMERISM

A computer for everyman

The \$2,000 or more required to buy a multipurpose home computer has deterred many who'd be astir from joining the microcomputer revolution. Now a Toronto-based company, VendTronics Systems Ltd., has developed a dollar-bill-operated vending system to make computer time available to everyone. The \$6,000 package, put together by company President Norman Schiffman, includes an Apple II computer, a video display terminal, a printer and four software packages capable of performing word processing, accounting and graphics functions. At \$1 for 10 minutes of computer time, vending computers may become as ubiquitous as their non-operated predecessors—computer arcade games.

VendTronics has found a willing partner in the public library system. In November two North York public libraries agreed to install the system for a three-month pilot project. Says Ilsebeth Benoit, North York Public Library's deputy chief librarian, "We're trying to shift with the times." Benoit says that the library has already experienced an increasing demand for information from data bases such as the Toronto Globe and Mail's Info Globe—services which VendTronics may eventually be able to tap.

So far, most of the initial users have been students, who already feel at home in front of a computer terminal. Neophytes will, however, be able to learn BASIC—a simple computer language which uses English commands—with the help of a step-by-step tutorial booklet. Some librarians fear that the computers will attract students with their own microcomputer software discs, transforming normally tranquil study rooms into sleeping lions' dens. In accident, that Betty Price, general librarian at Don Mills Public Library, says, "We would ask serious users to look twice and we probably wouldn't book time for the videogame users."

In terms of expansion, Schiffman has set sights close to home. Initially, he plans to market his computers to Ontario libraries only. If the service catches on, the libraries will be able to buy more of the 6,000 software programs compatible with Apple computers. Librarians hope that the new attractions will draw more people into both the computer age and the bookshelves.

—CAROL BARNES in Toronto

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sure as congressmen for key votes have become the gold prize for doing business in the Arab world.

The new facts of life were most visibly affirmed during the 1981 debate on selling advanced military hardware—the A-6/27 plane—to Saudi Arabia. The watershed issue of dozens of firms with past, present or pending contracts was unanimously brought to bear on politically vulnerable senators. While the final vote remained in doubt, the Saudis showed deferred decisions on new contracts. The single exception was a \$200-million deal involving the giant

Whittaker Corp., whose Saudi operations is 49-per-cent owned by Prince Khalid bin Abdulrahman, nephew of the kingdom's founder. In 1981 almost half of Whittaker's gross revenues came from its Persian Gulf enterprises.

In recent years, then, foreign contracts worth billions of recorded petrodollars inevitably take on added importance. The marshalling of corporate Americans for Arab causes is motivated neither by anti-Israel sentiment nor by any strategic imperatives. Rather, it is guided by business self-interest. Still, in the high-stakes game of Middle East

diplomacy, the Arab corporate connections have become their strongest cards. "The oil is gone, if it was ever there," observes Joseph Charba, director of the Center for International Security. "The only real Arab weapon is contracts."

To protect those contracts, the corporate sector has now been co-opted in the drive to cast Israel as the central obstacle to peace in the Middle East and to undercut that nation's standing in public opinion. That goal dovetails with the Reagan administration's, which, by evoking support for Israel's hard line, can advance the president's own peace formula.

But have the generous infusion of money and the well-crafted media campaigns helped the Arab lobby achieve its objective? The question is not easily answered, in part because the goals are as diverse as the political interests represented. In that sense, the lobby accurately reflects the Arab world itself, with Republicans and moderates vying for supremacy.

To date, at least, the Arab lobby's chief success has been financial. In 1981 then U.S. Treasury Secretary William French signed not to disclose details of portfolio investments by Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and, later, the United Arab Emirates—in return for their pledge to replete petrodollars into the U.S. economy. The treasury normally publishes investments on a country-by-country basis. Just how much Middle East oil exporters have cash into U.S. investments remains unknown since much of it flows through third-party screens. But David Marsh, editor of the New York-based newsletter *Mideast Report*, puts the total at more than \$200 billion, much of it in such sensitive economic sectors as energy and high technology.

The real impact of the Arab lobby will finally be judged only by its ability to influence U.S. foreign policy. The current goal, evidenced by the SAA's campaign, is to alter the power balance in the Middle East by pressuring Congress—through public opinion and the media—to slash military aid to Israel. It will be an uphill struggle. A New York Times/ABC poll of newly elected congressmen reveals that 59 per cent oppose the use of arms sales as a way of forcing Israel to negotiate with the Palestinians. Moreover, the Reagan administration, fearing that such sanctions would only inflame Israel's supporters, has expressly ruled out this approach.

Still, lobbyists are no lame-duck breed. The Arabs are well financed and highly motivated for the long stretch ahead. The Israeli lobby, for years one of Washington's most potent forces, has met a formidable opponent.

—MICHAEL POSNER
in Washington

FOR THE RECORD

Classic gifts under wraps

This year, domestic artists and record companies have produced a batch of new recordings so fine that every gift record could reasonably sport a Canadian ribbon. Premiered placed under everyone's Christmas tree should be Kodaly's sprightly *Harry James Suite*, magnificently conducted by Calgary's Argus Job. At the helm of the venerable London Symphony Orchestra—one of four high-quality, digitally recorded Job/LSO discs issued by Nippon Records. Harry James was a teller of tall Hungarian tales, and Kodaly's score is notably much-horned. It sticks much wit and irony from the Budapest-born conductor. Many marvels are



freshly and exuberantly realized: the rapturous *Unfinished Symphony*, the rip-roaring battle against Napoleon and the comic swaggle of the Emperor's entrance. In striking juxtaposition, the warm Kodaly work is coupled with a biting performance of Janáček's *Signifyin' Symphonies*.

Job also delivers a vibrant *Arabesque Fourth Symphony*, prepared with the care of a master chef. The LSO sounds less knockout here, but this does not detract from the tensile strength of the reading. Job's touch perfectly fits the music: the slow movement is unusually unwarmed and gentle, but he brings intense power to the exhilaration of the third and the hammer blows of the fourth.

Job's Ravel record features a stirring *Expansive and Chorus Suite No. 2* (complicated by Roberto and Ponsini). In contrast to the Montreal Symphony Orchestra's languorous version last year, Job does not balk in the score, and the result is more mysterious, more pagan and, at the close, more organic. His



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Tchikovsky (Bomer and Jaber) and the delightful *Flamingo* and *Parade* from State No. 2) scales (fewer laughs and occasionally failures, but its liveliness makes the album an attractive present).

Another Canadian musical director leading a London orchestra is Andrew Davis, who conducts the London Philharmonic impressively in Richard Strauss's *Alpine Symphony* (not *Nachtwerk*). Only gluttons for punishment can strenuously enjoy Strauss when he is this bombastic. The composer marches as liberally up a tree-

ring summit and down again in this overdone 28-minute symphonic poem. In law are 20 horns, six organs, corbells and thunder and wind machines. But, while this is hardly Strauss at his best, there is some extraordinary ruddy voice-pulling and several seriously poetic moments. The sound is spectacular—but as tedious as in von Klemm's fine 1981 version, but Davis' sense of momentum carries the work more persuasively.

Selenis also have much to offer this season. Jon Vickens, the tenor with a voice like a laser beam, is joined in a

compelling performance of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Einsamkeit* (Philippe Poly-Gran) by soprano Joyce Norman, the LSO and Colin Davis. Vickens' voice is controversial, gleaming, exalted and utterly distinctive, it nevertheless sets some people's teeth on edge. Here it seems too Wagnerian and strident for the cryptic complexities of late Mahler. By contrast, Joyce Norman is tremulously close to perfection. Colin Davis' direction is glowing and masterly.

Not so maximally professed but still an excellent gift is a scintillating revival of Colin Ross' *Music Works* (in which the prodigiously talented 17-year-old Ofra Harnoy is accompanied by pianist William Aide. Chopin's *Scherzetto* and Polonaise *Brillante* is the only substantial work; the rest is mostly attractive but ranging from a shabby *Flight of the Bumble Bee* to Gerbner's *Somerset*, over which Aide and Harnoy drip a full bucket of syrup. But Harnoy's technique and dexterity are preternatural, the cello sound is sumptuous, and the emotional power and control are heart-stopping. It makes one wonder if there is a Dagmar of the cello in our midst.

There certainly is a new Handel to contend with: The *Airborne Monks* (CBS/Music Master) blends the splendid River Valley Singers and the "Synthesizers" Digital Synthesizer Ensemble. The Monks' best-loved choruses are subjected to electronic accompaniments, on the specious pretext of presenting a new perspective. But the laser-like treatment, alternately boosting and phasing bass lines and mechanically four-square rhythms provide only titillation. If the composer's synthesizer tracks had been more imaginative and experimental, this could have been an astonishing send-up, winning new audiences for Handel. It has the elements—one of the last ones, where the engineers do let their hair down, is a better-sounding version of *All We Like Sheep*—but the producers have been too reverential to Handel. FGGD, their digital brains, should have been allowed to have more fun.

—JOHN PRITCHARD



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DRAMBUIE OVER ICE WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS.

A new battlefield for India's Sikhs



Toronto police arresting Sikh rally organizer last month, creating animosity

By Carol Off

Reports of mass arrests and police brutality toward adherents of the Sikh religion in India's remote Punjab state provoked leaders of Toronto's brotherhood to put aside bitter sectarian differences last month and evince a common cause: a denunciation of what they saw as oppression of their coreligionists by the government of India. Then, before the expected deluge of Sikh leaders could enter the Indian consulate at Bloor and Yonge streets with a memorandum for Indira Gandhi's government, a member of one Sikh nationalist faction drew a revolver and fired several shots, creating panic in the group of nearly 500 protesters. As the demonstrators tried to disperse, someone else opened fire, and within minutes four people fell wounded. The street was spattered with blood, and the noble call for Sikh fraternity became a mockery. Police arrested two people for attempted murder and two others for carrying concealed weapons.

It was not the first time that angry fighting between hard-line and moderate nationalists in the Sikh community had spilled into the open in Canada. Toronto has had more than its share. Last spring two men were gunned down in a courtroom during a dispute involving Sikhs. And in Calgary last June a group of Sikhs attending a conference on religious studies became embroiled in a bitter shooting

match with a Vancouver group that wanted to take control of the meeting. At Vancouver International Airport Sikh protesters carrying black flags pelleted India's high commissioner to Canada with eggs. And a Sikh reactor in Vancouver, who was involved in skirmishes over the leadership of a local temple, was found dead with a C-16 pump-actioning his head. These violent outbursts, unpredictable and threaded in the mystery of caste Sikh politics, cost a bloody shakedown the approximately 100,000 Sikhs in Canada who simply want to lead normal lives. What

is more, those and other incidents create a chilling atmosphere of xenophobia, which affects all recent immigrants.

Anecdotes to many Sikhs at the Toronto demonstration, those responsible for the shootings are known supporters of the ultra-right Dal Khalsa—a terrorist group, based in the Punjab which is debilitated by carving out an exclusively Sikh state in India, to be called Khalistan. The Dal Khalsa is outlawed in India. Some of its members are wanted for murder and plane

hijackings and for provoking riots by desecrating Hindu temples with slaughter-trimmed sacred cows.

While Dal Khalsa leaders work underground in India, there is an active and open Khalistani movement in Canada. A consulate general for Khalistan is based in the Vancouver phase book, and an advertisement placed in *The Vancouver Sun* newspaper this year requested "military soldiers" to become part of a Khalistani fighting force. At one time Khalistan "passports"—used as international identity cards—were printed in Toronto.

The majority of Sikhs, both in India and in Toronto, however, spurn the Khalistani movement. Instead, they support the more moderate Akali Dal party, which is actively seeking political sanctuary for Sikhs in the Punjab without separation from the union. But the Akali Dal in India has recently become more militant. Akali Dal supporters charge that Punjab police have begun indiscriminate arrests and have beaten, tortured and intimidated Sikhs in confinement. The Akali Dal recently stormed parliament in New Delhi to protest police repression in the Punjab, and thousands have volunteered for mass arrests in an effort to force Indian prisons. Another target of planned kidnappings was the Asian Games, which were held last month in the Punjab.

The bloody Toronto demonstration was supposed to have been a Canadian contribution to the cause. "No one expected this outbreak of violence," says Gurmeh Singh Kuchhal, a Khalistani supporter who was charged with carrying a concealed weapon at the demonstration. (He was actually sporting a sword, or kirpan, along with a turban, part of a Sikh's religiously ordained apparel.) Santokh Singh Pakal, president of the Shromani Sikh Society in Toronto and a supporter of the Akali Dal, bitterly lamented the incident. "If these people want to fight for Khalistan," he says, "let them return to India to do it."

The Toronto Sikhs seem to support opposing political camps. Ritu, Suresh Singh Pakal says that last

Pakal, violent outbursts



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month's violence resulted not just from imported ideological terrorism but from homegrown power plays. In 1993 the Toronto Sikh community was divided over the election of an executive to the Pajaro Street Temple. Rival factions came to blows, using lead pipes and knives.

But that was completely overshadowed last spring when a Sikh leader, Kuldip Singh Bhatta, took his bid for temple control to an Ontario court. When the judge ruled against him, police allege that he pulled out a .207 magnum and fatally shot both his opponent and the man's lawyer. Though few Sikhs would go as far as Kuldip Singh Bhatta—who is still at large—having control of a temple is a powerful advantage for any Sikh. It gives him great influence in the community.

The community's troubles are not limited to those Sikhs who have already settled in Canada. While the Khalistan movement is banned in India, more than 2,000 Sikhs, declaring themselves Khalistanis, are now seeking political asylum in Canada. About 40 are currently in Toronto detention centers. India says the refugee claims are spurious and charges that some of those who are stranded in Canada have been involved in making the trip by using Indian travel agents in the Punjab who have exploited Punjab farmers by telling them that they could enter Canada as refugees. But Rosh Sharma, a Toronto lawyer representing 200 of the refugees, says their claims are valid. "India is a democracy, but we have ample evidence to support the claims that these Sikhs are being persecuted in the Punjab." If this is the case, the Khalistanis could gain refugee status. So far, Canadian immigration authorities have accepted such claims with reluctance—some 1,000 applications have been refused, and more than 100 Sikhs have been deported. India also claims that Canada harbors Khalistanis and Dal Khalsa terrorists who raise money and arms in Canada and then send the aid to Dal Khalsa members in the Punjab. At least one notorious Dal Khalsa leader, wanted for murder in India, is known to live in Burnaby, B.C.

Those incidents do nothing to help the thousands of Sikhs who are trying to gain status in Canada, either as immigrants or refugees. And they make daily living very difficult for those who have put down roots here. They must constantly brace themselves against the racial attacks by residents that usually follow such wave of violence. Says Rande Singh, a Canadian-Sikh businessman: "Most of us want to avoid the temple wars and politics and just have our place of worship. But, for some reason, we seem to get more and more fear of the future."

Will Dancer Lachar in Vancouver

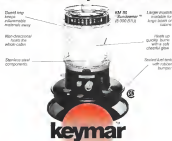
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Rewards for the snitchers

Last September Street Badermann arrived at his downtown Calgary store, Supreme Men's Wear, to find that thieves had walked off with \$40,000 worth of ties, suits, pants, coats, shirts and accessories. Badermann was devastated. He had only \$5,000 insurance coverage.

Furthermore, he owed \$250,000 to the bank for a suburban store that he was closing down. And police, adding insult to injury, suspected that he had hoisted his own goods to save an ailing business.

But, thanks to Crime Stoppers, a new Calgary program that pays citizens for

information that helps solve crimes, Badermann's business was saved. Through the program, an anonymous snitcher informed police that someone was selling clothes at a local bar. Within two weeks Badermann's goods were recovered. The informant was paid \$5,000 cash, and four men were charged with theft. Earlier this month Badermann held a Thank You Crime Stoppers sale. Says Badermann: "I don't think they would have recovered my goods if it weren't for Crime Stoppers."

Under the program, sponsored in Albuquerque, N.M., in 1976, an unnamed crime is publicized weekly in daily newspapers and on radio and re-broadcast on TV. In Calgary, the first Canadian city to introduce Crime Stoppers, residents are asked to provide tips with information about the crime or any other crime they may know about. Since the program started in mid-August it has exceeded all expectations. Recent statistics show that Calgary police have recovered more than 1,200 cars so far, and they have laid charges against 38 people as a result. Police have also recovered more than \$100,000 in stolen property as a result of the program.

Citizens who wish to remain anonymous are given a sequential code number. If the information helps lead to an arrest, the Crime Stoppers' volunteer board of directors gives out a tangible cash reward. Crime Stoppers is a registered, nonprofit organization of local businesses and individuals and it does not accept government money. Informants pick up their rewards at an undisclosed location without ever revealing their identity. So far, the 77 rewards handed out have totalled almost \$5,000. "We are amazed with the success of this program," says Crime Stoppers board member Grant Howard.

Six years ago Albuquerque (population 350,000) had one of the highest per capita crime rates in the United States. Since then, the crime rate there has dropped dramatically, and the program has spread to more than 300 centres in 42 states. It has resulted in the solving of more than 20,000 crimes, the recovery of more than \$10 million worth of stolen property and narcotics and the prevention of many planned criminal acts. Success in Calgary has led to the establishment of similar operations elsewhere in Canada. Lethbridge, Alta., started a program recently. Ottawa, Burns, Ont., Saskatoon and Edmonton are also setting up their own systems. And even Interpol, the international police organization for sharing information, has shown an interest in Calgary's efforts. "The only reason we are doing this is because it works," says Howard.

"We are getting the bad guys off the street," Ernest Badermann can testify to that. —GORDON LEECH in Calgary

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BOOKS

The making of a radical

LETTER TO THE PAST

By George Woodcock
Princeton & Toronto,
220 pages, \$21.95

George Woodcock's autobiography is framed by two Atlantic crossings. The account begins with his birth in Winnipeg in 1922 and his family's abrupt transatlantic return to England. It ends in 1989 with the departure of the young author from Liverpool to an uncertain future in Canada. Of the years in between, *Letter to the Past* chronicles the childhood, adolescence and early adulthood of one of Canada's most esteemed men of letters. The graceful prose is so rich in detail that its effect is almost that of a life re-visited, not remembered. Describing a beloved Shakespeare grocery of his boyhood, Woodcock writes: "The store was reminiscent with an extraordinary mixture of smells coming from its bags and bins and barrels, from its spice house and its hanging hams and sides of bacon, from its green waters of Cambrine and Cheddar cheese and its aromatic film of the crusty and pungent gingerbread that was a local Market Drayton speciality." Indeed, Woodcock's memory is so affluent that the straightforward chronology of his life often seems to slip a rack as which to hang such fancy.

If adorned with narrative flourish, the story is nonetheless compelling. Woodcock was a child who played in church for mercy at Passover, by the Second World War he was a poet, a committed objector and an avowed anarchist. He never attended university and he worked for 11 years as a clerk for the Great Western Railway, living in the outskirts of London's literary bohemia. His determination to become a poet and the relentlessly logical progress from vague left-wing symbolism to anarchism and anarchoism in *Letter to the Past* a ponderous task, it avoids self-absorption only because Woodcock takes himself less seriously than he does his convictions. Dylan Thomas, Herbert Read, Henry Miller, Alex Comfort and, most important, George Orwell cross these pages less in personality than as influences on Woodcock's intellectual development.

Given Woodcock's relish for rich description, his sketches of the people who surrounded him during his first 31 years are strangely ill-defined. Wood-



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each introduces his wife with little more than a shift from first person singular to plural, and the comically antipathetic figure of Marie Louise, the friend and colleague to whom *Letter to the Post* is addressed, remains *laconic*. Only Orwell, "batteringly" by pulling questions of the strongest black sheep he could find and drinking tea as dark and almost as thick as *trouille*, comes to life in a particularly deft and poignant scene. Woodcock recalls joining Orwell elsewhere in a working-class London pub in celebration of the acceptance of *Animal Farm* by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Absent was an expensive and exotic drink in postwar England, and the darkness of the Dog and Duck regarded the two writers with suspicion. "Unmistakably," recalls Woodcock, "I had made Orwell as happy, even the incident underlined the gap between the modest bourgeois lives he could now afford to give himself and his friends, and the standards of the working class for which he still felt no obscure though slowly reviving admiration."

Letter to the Post traces the passage



Woodcock an affable memory, a compelling story

of a radical thinker and a dedicated artist through an era when being either was a difficult, often dangerous occupation. Woodcock might have looked back as the first half of his life with a greater sense of the flesh and blood of his friends and colleagues. However, he need not have lived it with any more courage.

—DAVID MACFARLANE

The writer as a global politician

SECOND WORDS: SELECTED CRITICAL PROSE

By Margaret Atwood
(Anansi, 144 pages, \$22.95)

Some critics write as if they think in typexes; the reader sees a mind on the page. In Margaret Atwood's criticism, readers hear a voice, her wily, self-aware voice, speaking directly to them. This collection of 58 essays, reviews and lectures written during the past 30 years is a snapshot of someone who has always been talking to and about her country, even when it was not listening. From the provincial swamp that was Canadian publishing in 1959 through the golden age of the *nationalist* 1960s and into the darkly suspicious 1980s, Atwood has stubbornly repeated, "I am a writer, I am a writer, I am a Canadian, despite the fairly ludicrous conditions attached to all three identities."

More often than not Atwood simply has stated the obvious, and, as the historical writer of this collection reminds her audience, more often than not the obvious needed to be said. *Second*

Words offers her own description of the writer as "a line for focusing the world." While keeping her novelist's eye trained on the particular, Atwood has always had a good peripheral vision for writers who deserved reviewing (Margaret Atwood, Ashley Thomas) and ideas that assisted development—literature, nationalism and other issues rendered concrete and witty in her prose.

As a reviewer, Atwood brings more energy to her queries—her love-hate relationship with Al Purdy's poetry—than to her praise. The reviews have their share of condescending jokes, and the more academic essays are dull. But the fact is that in the early 1960s, when five novels a year were being published in Canada, she took Canadian writing as a given, reviewing 20-cent poetry magazines and recognizing James Bayley's *seasonal/Alphabet* as the brave, visionary magazine it was. Whenever she heard a singular voice, her impulse was to encourage it, even if it wavered. Despite occasional, creeping sarcasm when she feels a subject deserves it, what comes across most in her critical generosity and her understanding that the act of writing inevitably turns the author into a global politician; every word offers a vision of the world. Through thick and thin, Atwood has been a passionate literary critic, even while pretending otherwise. "I began as a profoundly apolitical writer," she says, "but then I began to do what all novelists and some poets do: I began to describe the world around me."

The weakest link in the collection is the most recent essay, *Writing the Male Character*. If a woman portrays a flawed man in her book, Atwood argues that she will be called racist, despite the fact that literature written by men is teeming with male monsters. This stance seems defensive and baffling. "I think women have to take the course of men as seriously as they expect men to take theirs," she declares. Does this need saying? The essay does not seem to be the development of an idea so much as a reflexive to criticism of the men in *Life Before Man* and *Badly Formed*. There is little sense of a struggle for a new perception, only the stilled paws of someone saying, "Don't you get it yet?"

But perhaps this is just the typical reaction to any new Atwood opinion. As this retrospective makes clear, reluctance to her work has often been a sign that she is holding out a difficult truth, one that her readers may not want to hear. What remains impressive is that, in the dog-eat-dog era of the past 30 years, Atwood has never been diverted. This is part of what it means to be a writer—the ability to separate a commitment to certain ideals from the novelist's craft of describing the world as it is.

—MARC JACKSON

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Cardboard figures in a cosmic vision

BY ODYSSEY TWO

By Arthur C. Clarke
(Random House, \$11 pages, \$19.95)

A sense of déjà vu pervades Arthur C. Clarke's latest *Odyssey Two*. It is a sequel not so much to Clarke's book 2001: A Space Odyssey as to the ground-breaking Stanley Kubrick film of the same name. At the outset of 2001 Clarke minutely jogs the reader's memory, bringing back the film's images: the mysterious monolith found on the moon, Hal, the mind-reading computer that went mad and aborted the Discovery's mission to Jupiter, and the emergence of the new, legendary star child. The sequel then focuses on Heywood Floyd, who, with two other Americans, goes to meet him on the planet Luvon en route to Jupiter. Their goal is to rejoin the Discovery (personality with Hal still on board) and confront the enigmatic monolith for the second time.

Clarke has been unraveling galactic mysteries such as this for more than three decades. Devotedly recognized as one of the towering figures in science

fiction, the 65-year-old writer is as put forward His principal virtues remain: Clarke the scientist is excited by space, by navigation between planets, by the possibilities of alien life and a position about man's place in the universe. Although his prose is never elegant, Clarke the writer conveys that sense of genuine wonder and awe.

Unfortunately, Clarke's major failing is also evident here: all his characters are wooden and uninteresting. He is great on technical but he cannot handle individuals. They are always such decent, solid, suit-of-the-day-suits types that it is no wonder Hal stole the movie and almost steals this book as well. The computer certainly has more personality than the Luvon's captain, who bids farewell to discarded equipment by saying "Good-bye, fulfilled best friend."

However, readers of Clarke are used to this. At his best—Childhood's End, The City and the Stars—the time-saving principle of his vision and the edification of his ideas transcend the cardboard characterizations. Although 2001: Odyssey Two is not a work of such stature, it still shows the infectious delight in the cosmos that has always animated Clarke's writings. The splendid scenes of space give more than compensate for the wooden crew members.

—GUY GAVNELL KAY

NOVELS' BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Spenser, Walker* (4)
- 2 *Master of the Game, Stedman* (5)
- 3 *Different Seasons, King* (5)
- 4 *The Parallel Man, Ludlum* (4)
- 5 *The Profound Daughter, Anderson* (5)
- 6 *The Moon of Jupiter, Moore* (6)
- 7 *Midnight's Daughter, Kravitz*
- 8 *The Valley of Haran, Aust* (5)
- 9 *2014 Odyssey Two, Clarke*
- 10 *The White Plague, Herbert* (10)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Establishment Men, A Portrait of Power, Newman* (3)
- 2 *Towers of Gold, Fort of Clay, Bennett* (3)
- 3 *Girls, An Intimate Portrait of the Liberal Party, McCall Newman* (4)
- 4 *Love Train's Weekend Book, Fields* (2)
- 5 *Native in Disguise, Rothman* (4)
- 6 *Straw and Evil in the Sky, Sedell and Toney* (4)
- 7 *Now in Two Hours, Ayles and Temper* (3)
- 8 *Life Extension, Peters and Sizer* (3)
- 9 *Why We Act Like Canadians, Rivkin* (3)
- 10 *Recreation, Neidert*

(1) Fiction best seller



Kingley as elderly Gandhi, showing in its naturalism, Applegate in its power of concentration and wit in its details

FILMS

A passage to the past of India

GANDHI

Directed by Richard Attenborough

Movie biographies of historical or highly romantic characters—either stand or fall with the actor playing the title role. Without Peter O'Toole, Lawrence of Arabia might have been little more than a collection of beautiful desert vistas. Dr. Zerkow, on the other hand, lingers along because Omar Sharif does. Remains an highly romantic figure, as above all, charismatic. They demand that actors portraying them have the same qualities that pull an audience to the character like a magnet. In Gandhi a virtually unknown actor named Ben Kingsley has that quality and he transforms the movie into a towering achievement. Not for a moment is he diverted by this expensive, 3½-hour epic about one of this century's greatest political and philosophical leaders. Kingsley's prodigious portrayal of the mahatma is stunning in its naturalism (the movie exactly the way Gandhi does as a naturalist), hepatic in the power of his concentration and witty in its asides (there is always a faint pained reaction before Gandhi laughs at a joke).

While director Richard Attenborough has wisely kept Gandhi revolving around Kingsley, he has given the film a

stately epic sweep. Some scenes are undeniably spectacular, such as the wholesale slaughter of hundreds of British protesting British rule in India, or Gandhi's funeral itself—a swarm of mourners. At times, Gandhi's image is too carefully composed, and the spectacle cannot compare with the grandeur Kingsley brings in a simple gettara as he sits at a loom spinning his own clothes and making history.

The film follows the mahatma's career from 1869, when the up-and-coming young lawyer is thrown off a South African train for being "colored" (Gandhi's consciousness is immediately altered, from that moment on, an intensity of purpose never leaves Kingsley's eyes). John Briley's highly literate and generally laudable script suggests, as does Kingsley, that Gandhi's belief in nonviolent aggression—shunning the oppressor by refusing to fight back—was the way he coped with his own rage. His repression of his own feelings (the "become white" scenes) seemed to fortify him, giving him the serene sense of control he needed to hold sway over millions of Indians.

While never ending Gandhi is somewhat, the film nevertheless neglects to mention some of the more fascinating, though less wholesome, contradictions in the man. He despised murderers

and yet one (played here by Ian Charleson) remained a fast friend. Though he was almost singlehandedly responsible for instigating India's independence, he supported India's caste system. And finding that his son was converted to Islam, Gandhi refused to speak to him for most of his life; the son became a *Shiaka* and an alcoholic. Clearly, none of Gandhi's merits beautified from countries. It is strange, too, that there is only one glimpse of India's horrifying poverty and a rather muted one at that. As well, members of the supporting cast give some fabulous performances. John Gielgud as Lord Irwin, the British viceroy (who was actually a much younger man than Gielgud), Martin Sheen as a "companion" journalist and Candice Bergen as Margaret Bourke-White, *Life* magazine's celebrated photographer, who was visiting with him when he was assassinated, are all fit.

As a whole, *Gandhi* is more less than satisfying in dealing with the events and facts with which it chooses to deal, and there is never a boring moment. Looking into an earnest hole in his horizon, Kingsley has a sparkle in his eyes—a warm, sunniness glow—that captures the power that Gandhi exerted over his multitudes.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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What's Scottish
for "Short Shirt"?
And who cares?

Short Shirt in English means "Curly Shark" in Scottish Gaelic. And Nimmo, who became the "Curly Shark" in English means "Curly Shark" in Scottish Gaelic. Nimmo, who became the "Curly Shark" in English means "Curly Shark" in Scottish Gaelic. Nimmo, who became the "Curly Shark" in English means "Curly Shark" in Scottish Gaelic.



BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY
SARK

The patterns of a prophet

"It either takes 20 years or it takes two days for a movie to come into existence," says Ben Kingsley, the 38-year-old British stage actor chosen by director Richard Attenborough for the lead role in the \$20-million epic *Gandhi*. Indeed, for 20 years major studios expressed little or no interest in the project and investors ditched their purses in response to requests. "It was considered a film without an audience," Attenborough says. "Obviously, they felt a film about a little brown man in a sheet carrying a bean pole wasn't exactly going to pack them in."

But raising the money—part of which came from the Indian government—was easy compared to the actual filming. It took six months, about 200 British and Indian technicians and as many as 300,000 extras in a single scene to shoot *Gandhi*. Kingsley and many of the production crew members had to endure 12-hour workdays when it was 40°C in the shade. The overwhelming scope of the movie resulted in some serious problems for the lead actor. Before the filming of *Gandhi*'s funeral, making artist Thomas Smith built a corpse of the Indian leader (in the day of shooting, Kingsley was ready "to switch my own funeral procession, which has always been one of my biggest fantasies"). But Attenborough was not happy with the fake corpse in close-ups and suggested that Kingsley substitute. "I got made up and went out there and lay on the floor while a quarter of a million people looked on. The most difficult thing I had to do while making *Gandhi* was simply to live three during that scene."

Twenty pounds heavier and without the furiously detailed makeup, Ben Kingsley is practically unrecognizable as himself. A leading actor in the Royal Shakespeare Company for the past 18 years, Kingsley was the much-sought role after Attenborough's son, Michael, brought him to the director's attention. His first task was to lose enough weight to look like Gandhi. The makeup, which was painted on and left Kingsley's face "totally free of anything green," took as long as four hours to apply. "As some skeletons bare a race," Kingsley told *Newsday*. "I became stiffer and stiffer and stiffer as I sat there, waiting."

Beyond the physical preparation for the role, Kingsley's largest challenge

was to capture Gandhi's daunting intelligence. The research staff was formidable. "Apparently the bibliography on him is second only to that on Christ," says Kingsley. "Of course, I had to be selective, but the reading was necessary because I found out things about his tone of voice and his order that neither the black-and-white photos nor the newsreels give you. I watched hours and hours of newsreels to see how he moved."

Audiences will be surprised at the lack of sentimentality in Kingsley's portrayal going to pack them in."



Kingsley as young Gandhi: wise and graceful

was to capture Gandhi's daunting intelligence. The research staff was formidable. "Apparently the bibliography on him is second only to that on Christ," says Kingsley. "Of course, I had to be selective, but the reading was necessary because I found out things about his tone of voice and his order that neither the black-and-white photos nor the newsreels give you. I watched hours and hours of newsreels to see how he moved."

As well as his gifts as an actor, Kingsley had a natural advantage for the role—he has Indian blood. "I'm grateful to my genetic makeup," he says. "Whatever part I play, I draw on these resources, and here they were especially helpful." His trip to India to make *Gandhi* was his first, and Kingsley found the country "complex, very graceful, sensitive and pragmatic"—like his own performance.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

TELEVISION

The vibrancy of the North

I MARRIED THE KLONDIKE
cast, Dec. 4, 10 and 11

In 1907 a restless 25-year-old Toronto schoolmaster, stifled by a snug and sheltered city, signed up to teach kindergarten in the Yukon. The salary for the two-year stint was a then princely sum of \$2,100 per annum. Laura Thompson made the long, hard trek by train and steamer to Dawson City, an 1890s gold-rush boomtown already in decline. Her initial hesitancy about the town soon vanished, and she stayed in the northern frontier for a quarter of a century.

Laura Barton's 1964 memoir (a project encouraged by her son, Peter) is a riveting sociology of Canada's North. While it takes some liberties—certain characters are made into composites—the three-hour TV adaptation keeps the tart observation of the book intact. Instead of displaying a blank snow-blinded outpost, the screen glows with deep reds and warm, woolly textures. Even after 150 years, Dawson City was a game and vibrant town where women

wore Parsian gowns to get-togethers, called left engraved cards, and right-ovese diners with wine and civar were the norm. Across the river Lonsome town, with its 28 saloons, thrived as bold raffishness. There, outcasts such as Montreal Mary entertained the fortune-seeking young bucks who far outnumbered the women.

As Laura Barton, actress Leslee Wiloughby, who has appeared in many important stage roles in England and Canada, flashes her story eyes and gives a dramatic nerve to a word such as "breeches" (one that Talulah Rushdell might have missed). In the best sequence of the drama, Wiloughby and three fellow teachers sweep the front of the old clock before breakfast, develop a bad case of cabin fever, and lose into one another like stars. Wiloughby's mad-on switch in temperament from prim reserve to a Scheffé's fury sells a woman who spent the best years of her life beavering the Klondike's terrors (death in childbirth, death by exposure). Not so successful is the romance between her and Frank Bertone (RH



Wiloughby, Thompson: rich and bewdy

Thompson, is a mild-mannered performance), an engaging if eccentric jaded-all-trades. The courtship, a major part of the book, is amplified in the screenplay, but Bertone's actual appeal to Laura is hardly explored.

With wharves and underwriters, shops and piano players, with followers and rogues, the remote settlement of Dawson City enjoyed a rich and bawdy place in Canadian history. Although much of the anecdotal gold in the book has remained unmined, *Klondike* makes vivid the memory of a vanished era.

—BILL MACVICKAR

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Cox: the impossibility of finding the real person under the pose

THEATRE

A superstar is born

VALENTINE BROWNE
By Susan Cox, with David Flaherty
and Brian Tree
Directed by Brian Tree

Theatre cannot survive without taking risks and high-stakes awareness so that the world can be perceived anew. There are several such moments of epiphany in *Valentine Browne*, a one-woman, fictional portrait of a vibrant superstar currently playing at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. In the song *Women of Culture*, another contemporary Susan Cox—sporting a Marie Antoinette bun and red vinyl boots—intones a Grigorian chant from behind a spangled white podium, beside her stands the tree of knowledge with valentine-shaped apples. The poem are fictive but their participation is not. Cox's performance is so convincing, however, that this linky tableau is suddenly transformed into a world whose reality is moving but only dimly understood.

The vehicle for these unexpected observations is, in fact, a theatrical trope which alternately results and seduces the audience by blatantly exposing the premises of star worship. "I'm the star—I have a glamorous life, and poems are all day," snarks Valentine, having changed into jet sweater in a credible allusion to her costumed designer *Jack Handey*. Confessing to being "a legend in my own mind," she also describes herself as "horribly talented." Since Cox simply fits the

bill—her characters also include Valentine's press agent, a stand-up comic and a mouth-throated Royal Air Force colonel—this pasturing in the style of Mohammed Ali quenches the audience. At other times, however, she is warm and endearing: during intermission she plays candy girl and hands out cookies. The impossibility of ever finding out the real person under those poses, according to Cox, is the source of the star's fascination, most important, though, a star delivers and never holds back. Cox certainly does that, and also delivers a message that is unapologetic and direct. "The melodies with the grandest dreams are the most important; the comedies aren't doing much."

Valentine Browne has no dramatic shape and does not need one. In point is best revealed in the playing rather than the play, and Cox sometimes pushes too hard. Two players in the orchestra provide running patter in the true vaudeville tradition, but when a cooed Valentine struts out with a chorus line of dominies strapped to her arms, one player unnecessarily accuses her of "playing all the rules." This minor flaw is soon etched, however, by the supple melodies and arias by songs ranging from rock to rock. What finally distinguishes Cox's play—beyond her bewitching imagination and singular energy—is its generosity of spirit. *Valentine Browne* proves that there is much more to theatre than being a star.

—MARK GRABESKI

An arts monument at the crossroads

The Appellert committee on federal cultural policy would approve of Valentine Browne. Apart from Susan Cox's virtuoso performance, this production, between Valentine Productions and the National Arts Centre (NAC) fulfils a controversial mandate proposed in the committee's recent report: instead of producing its own shows, the huge performing arts complex with a \$100-million annual overall budget should coproduce and showcase plays by other Canadian companies.

Unofficial reaction from the centre about taking its own productions has been understandably negative. Although the NAC has already started to shift its programming emphasis toward showcasing—the English theatre season so far has included Stratford's *The Merchant of Venice* as well as Joy by Newfoundland's Missing This company—the NAC's commitment to in-house production requires an article of faith. As for coproductions, although they made a splash last year *Rock and Roll* possible and see routine at the NAC's French theatre, the English theatre's artistic director, John Wood, is sceptical. A situation could result, Wood feels, in which coproductions could be encouraged to believe that "the NAC will provide production money while they get the rights." Nevertheless, with its cavernous rehearsal halls, largest of production staff and a handsome budget justified politically by its status as a national monument, the National Arts Centre could easily be reimagined into a national resource centre for the arts.

The Appellert committee certainly thinks so. The NAC has only been producing its own theatre since 1978, when it received an extra \$1 million to establish resident companies and tour the country in the wake of national unity. The grant raised a storm of protest from other Canadian theatres suffering severe budget losses, and the touring program—including *Moment* and a work coauthored by Wood himself—was criticized for inadequately representing Canadian theatre. Since then, the NAC has been constantly under fire for its programming, which reflects the usual regional theatre mix of classics and contemporary and Canadian works. The Appellert committee was also aware that the centre of its programming was cluttered with declining attendance and drew the obvious conclusion. The new artistic director of the French theatre, André Brasseur, concurs. "If the committee acted on the belief that not much

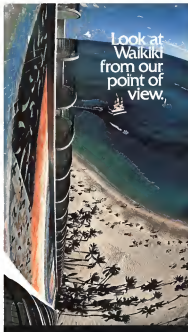
existing was happening here, then I agree with them."

The soft-spoken, diminutive Brasseur has been a major force in Quebec theatre for the past decade and is especially famous for introducing the plays of Michel Tremblay. At the NAC he wants to shake up the puritan mentality governing theatre, that creative leaders "if the NAC can't do something special with its resources, then why the hell bother?" asks Brasseur. The French resident company was, in fact, disbanded in 1985, but he hopes to build up a new company devoted to experimental theatre research.

Five years at the NAC have left Wood with a different perspective; he looks to London and New York for standards of excellence and fresh dramatic ideas. Although he wants the NAC to mount more Canadian works as well as new plays, he feels that, because of inadequate funding for script development, there are few good playwrights working in this country. Moreover, from a production standpoint, Wood claims that "Ottawa is too small to be a theatre centre—we should consciously make Toronto the centre of the theatre in English Canada." Instead of isolated regional theatres and the NAC each mounting five or six productions at great cost with a maximum life-span of five weeks, he suggests they join forces and earmark certain productions for touring across the country. Says Wood: "The exchange will generate quality—you only learn to do theatre by seeing more theatre."

Under the outrage that greeted the 1978 national unity grant, responses to Appellert's suggestions for dismantling NAC productions have been more reasonable. Vancouver Playhouse artistic director Walter Latham, formerly the head of the theatre section for the Canada Council, points out that streamlining NAC productions would make it impossible for the NAC to function as a theatre in a region that is the country's fourth-largest metropolitan area. Latham believes that the national mandate could be best served by extending and formalizing showcasing, but Wayne Pippy, general manager of Edmonton's Citadel Theatre, says "With all that money, they should be doing 10 per cent Canadian work, especially large-cut pieces which cannot be done elsewhere. They should do their right, do their best, and give their audience." Whether or not the government acts on Appellert, the report has brought the NAC theatre's activities into sharp focus. Although Wood and Brasseur acknowledge the problems and are working on solutions, both would have preferred to implement them away from their birth lineage.

—MARK GRABESKI



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Pulse-taking at 45,000 feet

By Allan Fotheringham

As the last remaining Laddie in Canadian journalism, I have always felt that newspapers were better before the telephone was invented. In that Pulse-free age, before Alexander Graham Bell raised it all, reporters usually had to meet and rumormongers with the subjects of their scrutiny. This concept, that reporters should physically leave the office and view humanity, of course, is now sacrosanct, if not heretical, regarded as sacrosanct as almost as threatening as herpes. I know reporters who spend the entire week glued to their desks, as foreign to outside oxygen as are bank clerks and federal public constables.

I digress, however, since the subject is another black art—politics. And I come across a wise man the other day. The veteran of the political craft, who has worked for ministers in Ottawa and at the provincial level, is the author of the shrewd view that politics in Canada was better before the jet plane was invented. He points out that the jet, instead of giving those dozens of gibberishes in Ottawa greater access to the benediction, only succeeds in giving the illusion that the grassroots have been tapped, assessed and spoiled. Nevertheless, our nation can now get to any part of the country in a day, make a speech, and soon back to the safe rooms of Connaught by bedtime, they are snug in their belief that they are securely in touch with the mood of the nation. As my wise pol points out, having watched the operation from the inside, the airports in fact. The faster you can get in and out of a place—as the jet provides—the less will be your knowledge of it. In the days of the train, he reminds us, it took an Ottawa politician three days to reach the great hinterland, three days in which he would have time to think about what he was going to say. Having said it, he would have three days on the way back to think about what he said, to ruminate on it, to absorb reactions, and to mail over his soundbites. Now, the radio covers in the sandwich in the

back seat of the limo on the way to the mad-as-a-hatter government jet as the airport.

The jet age, for all its lefty gain, simply increases the isolation of those at the top. The airline terminals of the land are filled with basically four types of people: top politicians, top mandarins, high businessmen, journalists. All on expense accounts, all bodied in the career talking gossip and trading lies while the great unwashed sit stiffly with crying babies and richly underworn, curling lipsticks and discombobulated body clocks. Cabinet ministers, of



course, are hermetically sealed off even from their brief break with sweating humanity they spend in suit from Ottawa as the fleet of government executive jets, never having to view a luggage rack, never having to wrestle with the Air Canada computer that rules our lives. How can a cabinet minister who makes our laws have any idea of how the common live unless he has been forced to see the inside of Toronto's Terminal 2, designed by the man who last served on Percy's trek to the North Pole? Thanks to the government fleet, ministers have achieved their very dream: they never really leave the office.

The jet, as has been documented, has been the politician's most useful tool in recent election campaigns, used as a strategy play and propaganda weapon. The brains in Ottawa, snug in the land of six obfuscators below the border, have figured out that the appearance of frenetic activity is most important in a campaign—when the real

purpose is to assemble 30-second clips for *The Network* each night. This is why Trudeau and Clark and Broadbent, trailing the comp-follower of the media like rats after the Pied Piper, slip through the sieve to a variety of stops each day, collecting datelines on stories like geography books. The more datelines in the mass papers, the greater the illusion of energetic vote-hounding.

In fact, in truth it is less energetic than a bus tour or a train hop, safely above the clouds, most of the day doing nothing, keeping pretensions in a single bound, keeping the leader away from the people by keeping him 11 km high. The political handlers figured out long ago that keeping the national press corps censored in a silver cage all day was absolutely the safest place to have them. When reporters can only talk to each other, there is no danger that they might actually talk to the voters. In a national election campaign the boys and girls on the plane have no more idea of what the public really thinks than do the politicians they are following up and down the ramp. It is the ultimate sabbling of the ministers of the press by making them share the same flying schedule as the politicians, the result is that both are shielded from reality.

The government executive jet is the culmination of the Ottawa dream: smoke and mirrors that travel at 800 km/h. It is Bushin's sleight of hand applied to the body politic. I watch ministers arrive in Vancouver from Ottawa in time to do the frozen-serve-and-warm-fish procession through the cocktail lobby, deliver the speech written by someone else that could be delivered by interchangeable minds, then sprint to the airport before the embarrassment of having to ignore snobs, cigarette addicts and informed regional opinion from the party regulars who have been waiting patiently in the suite upstairs to tell the designated liehead what the people down the block actually think of himself. The jet is most useful in giving the secretary for that better-known thing called keeping around to get the drift.

Things were better before the telephone and the jet. Trust me.

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